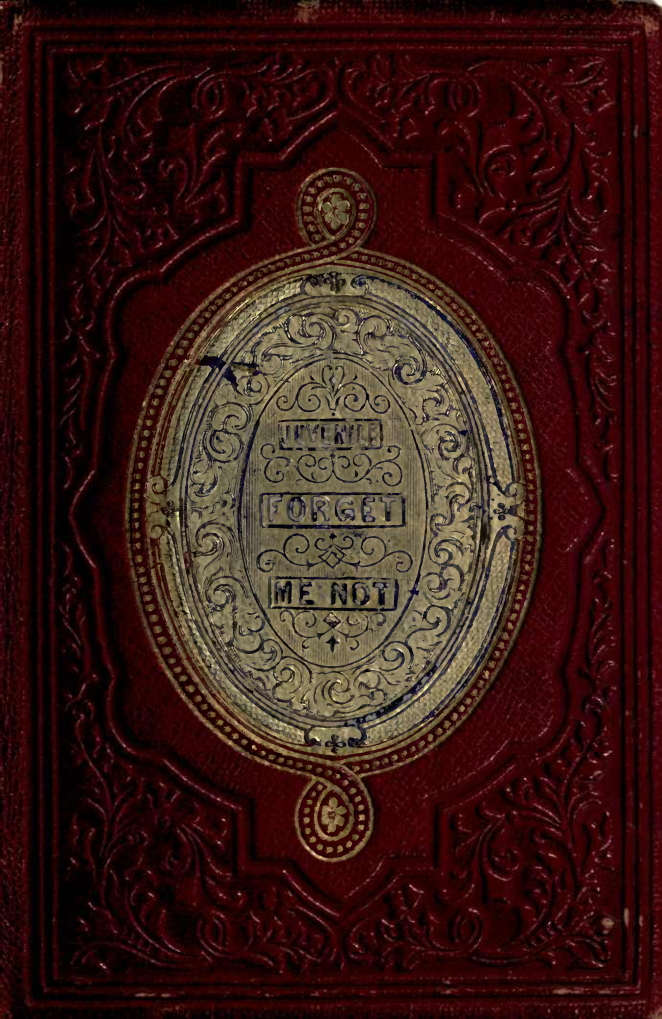




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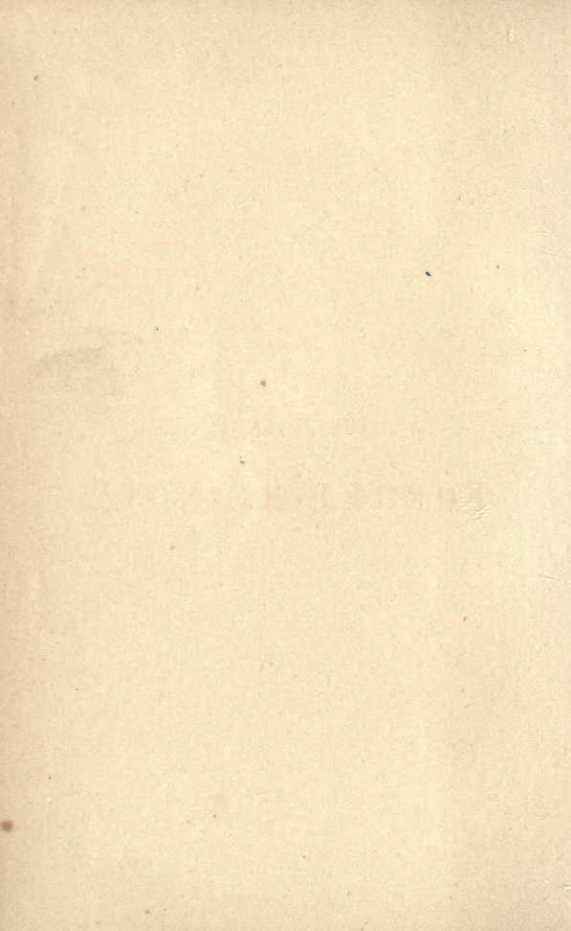
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LOS ANGELES

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Cora Taylor.

Christmas Gift.

From her Uncle and Aunt

Dec 25th/62.



THE JUVENILE
FORGET-ME-NOT.





Engraved by W. Collins R.A.

Engraved by T. Whittall

JUVENILE FORGET ME NOT.



NEW YORK,

PUBLISHED BY LEAVITT & ALLEN.

THE JUVENILE
FORGET-ME-NOT.

A

Christmas and New Year's
PRESENT.



NEW YORK:
LEAVITT AND ALLEN.

Illustrations.

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THE MOTHER'S JEWEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS."

"THESE are my gems," 'the Roman mother cried,
Her bright lip wreathed in smiles of sunny pride,
"These are my gems," as o'er each infant head
Superbly fond her high-born hands she spread ;
This, with dark eyes, and hyacinthine flow
Of raven tresses down a neck of snow —
That, golden-haired, with orbs whose azurn hue
Had dimmed the Indian sapphire's deathless blue.
"These are my gems ! bring ye the rarest stone,
"That ever flashed from Eastern tyrants' throne !
"Bring amber, such as those² sad sisters gave,
"Vain bribes to still the rash relentless wave !

1. Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi.

2. The sisters of Phaeton, whose tears, for the fate of their brother drowned in the river Eridanus, were metamorphosed into amber, according to the poets.

“Bring diamonds, such as that³ false matron wore,
“Bought by their sheen to break the faith she swore,
“Who lured to death foredoomed her prophet lord,
“To death more certain than the Theban sword,—
“Bring gauds, like those which caught Tarpeia’s⁴
eye,

“Fated beneath her treason’s price to die!—

“And I will match them—yea! their worth outvie

“With that, nor art can frame, nor treasure buy,

“Nor force subdue, nor dungeon walls control—

“Each precious gem—a freeborn Roman soul!

“Know ye not, how—when quaked the solid
earth,

“And shook the seven hills, as at Titan’s birth,—

3. Eriphyle, the wife of Amphiaraus the prophet, who, bribed by a rich necklace, prevailed on her husband to be one of the seven chiefs against Thebes, under Adrastus, although she knew that he was fated to perish there if he should go—as he in fact did, being swallowed by an earthquake.

4. Tarpeia. The Roman virgin, who, agreeing to admit the Sabine troops then besieging the capitol, on condition that she should receive that which the soldiers wore on their left arms, meaning their golden bracelets, as the reward of her treachery, was overwhelmed and crushed to death by their bucklers; which Titus Tatius, their commander, ordered every warrior to cast upon her as he passed the gate.

- “ When the proud forum yawned—a gulf so wide
“ Rome’s navy in its space secure might ride—
“ When pale-eyed prophets did the fate declare,
“ That dread abyss should yawn for ever there,
“ Till Rome’s best jewel, darkly tombed within,
“ The gods should soothe, and expiate the sin!—
“ Know ye not, how their robes of Syrian hue
“ To the sad King the trembling matrons threw?
“ What flower-crowned captives bled, the abyss
 to close?
“ What Syrian perfumes from the brink arose?
“ What sculptured vases of barbaric gold,
“ What trophied treasures, through its void were
 rolled?
“ What sunbright gems—onyx and agate rare,
“ And deathless adamant—were scattered there?
“ But not in gold, nor gems, nor Tyrian die,
“ Trophies, nor slaves, did Rome’s best treasure lie!
“ His limbs superb in war’s triumphant guise,
“ His soul’s high valor flashing from his eyes,
“ His courser chafing, impotently bold,
“ Against the hand that well his fire controlled,
“ Forth! forth he rode, in native worth sublime,
“ Unstained by fetters, ignorant of crime!
“ Forth! forth he rode, to play the martyr’s part—

"Rome's richest jewel—'a right Roman heart
"So may the gods avert my country's doom,
"I rush in triumph to my living tomb!
"Rome hath no jewel worthier earth's embrace,
"Than one free warrior of her fearless race!—
"Fearless I come and free!—Accept the gift,
"Dark Hades!—leaped the youth—and closed
the rift—
"And rolled the cloudless thunder—Jove's assent
"That Rome's best jewel to the abyss was sent!
"These are my gems! Each for his country's
weal
"Devote to raging fire, or rending steel—
"So long to live—so soon to die—as she—
"She only!—shall determine and decree!—
"Blest that I am, to call such jewels mine—
"All else to fate contented I resign;
"Contented—if they mount the curule chair,
"Its best adornment—I shall view them there!
"Contented—if they fill a timeless grave—
"Their wounds—their wounds of honor—I shall
lave!

5. Quintus Curtius, who devoted himself to his country's safety, as described above.

- "Secure in each event, Cornelia's race
"Shall live with glory—die without disgrace!
"Secure, that neither—even in hopeless strife—
"Shall turn upon his heel to save his life!
"Secure, that neither—heaven itself to buy—
"A foe shall flatter, or a friend deny!
"These are my gems!—Give ye your country
such—
"So shall ye put your vauntings to the touch—
"Or, yielding me the palm, your boast disown—
"Your diamonds may not match what I have
shown!"

SWEET STREAM.

I.

SWEET stream, that from the thickets free,
Comest dancing in thy mountain glee—
The thirsty traveller's smiling friend—
To my reproachful plaint attend.

II.

The time 's long past, since here I laid
My limbs beneath the green-tree's shade;
Yet grateful on thy waves I look,
Nor e'er forget my favorite brook.

III.

I am changed, sweet stream, and sadly changed,
Since mid these verdant fields I ranged.
I've proved the world, and learned how few
Of Hope's beguiling dreams were true.

SWEET STREAM.

IV.

And now I fain to thee would fly
For sympathy which men deny—
Yet heed'st thou not my spirit's pain !
Even here my weary search is vain.

V.

Why nourish still this turf of green ?
These flowers my early joys have seen
Why linger yet soft breezes here,
As when they dried no falling tear ?

VI.

And thou, in freshness glancing by,
Dost pause not for the wanderer's sigh !
Thy current which no murmur hears,
Flows swifter for my added tears.

R.

STANZAS.

BY MISS ELIZABETH M. ALLISON.

A GAIN, in this lone hour, I snatch my lyre,
 O'er which the chain of silence long has lain,
 To wake once more the too neglected strain ;
 Ah ! could I touch it with immortal fire,
 And pour the burning melody of song
 In one full tide its thrilling chords along.

Alas ! from me has fled the power of song,
 That once flung its deep crimson sun-like glow
 Of promise, o'er my path of life below,
 In deep-toned visions, such as not belong
 To things of earth, but float with forms of air
 In the bright realms of space like hourie's fair.

But see, again what spells around me lour,—
 Forms such as Dante pictured in that hell,
 His proud soul bursting in his lone farewell
 From exiled Florence, flash my view before :

With Tasso's heroes armed in holy fight,
Or Ariosto's bower for nymph and errant-knight.

Thou too !* to whom a poet's fire was given,
And all a poet's quenchless thirst of fame,
Quick kindling fancies, half of air and flame,
• Passions and feelings born but to be riven,
What though denied to vent in verse their force
In poesy was their impassioned source.

How wild soe'er the dreams born in that mind
By Vevay's bank, they link thee with the few
Whose bright reward the laurel and the rue,
Emblem of suffering and of fame were twined
In the undying wreath—and must such be
The poet's crown of immortality ?

Change we the chords, and wake another strain ;
Too high aspirings in my bosom swell,
As spirits hallowed each by the bright spell
Of burning poesy come o'er my brain,
Till every nerve with o'er wrought feeling
fraught,
Throbs with a pained intensity of thought.

* Rousseau.

Why was my soul thus proudly taught to soar ?
Why were these visions wakened in my breast,
These wild ambitionings that mar its rest,
Scathing, as if with fire, its inmost core,
With bright imaginings of other sphere
Launched from their former source ; what do
they here ?

Ah ! if the muse bestowed them but in vain,
Meaning them ne'er to glow to deeds of fire,
But sent like lightnings, in their fatal flame
To sear all verdure from the smiling plain !
Take back the power of song, the Muses' fire,
And grant that bliss which humbler themes in
spire.

THE WOULD-BE-GENTEEL LADY.

BY MRS. CHARLES SEDGWICK.

IN such a country as ours—a country of “workies”—where there exists no privileged class, falsely so called, unless idleness and ennui are privileges, one might suppose that a passion for gentility would be confined to the fashionable circles of the city; that the bees would as soon be found giving preference to fashionable flowers, or aiming at a fashionable style of architecture in their hives, as the busy matrons and maidens of New England, for instance, directing their thoughts, mainly, to genteel modes of living, dressing, and behaving.

Doctor Johnson derives the word *genteel*, from the Latin word *gentilis*: meaning “of the same house, family name, ancestry, etc.” Its meaning has, probably, undergone as many modifications as the word *heretic*, of which the most accurate definition I have ever heard was given by a young boy of twelve: “A heretic is a person that don’t

believe as you do." It is plain he had not obtained this information from books, but from society. In like manner an ungentee person is, with many, one who does not live, dress, and act, in all respects, as they do. The orthodoxy of one age or country, is the heresy of another ; and the gentility of one, is the vulgarity of another.

Thus it is with fashion, the handmaid of gentility ; who has been well described as a jade that stalks through one country with the cast-off clothes of another ; and the modes and forms of gentility are as variable as the wayward humors of those vacant-minded people who lead the fashion.

How much more respectable, how much more *American* it would be for us, of this country, to limit the word, in our application of it, to something like its original meaning, and make gentility consist in living and acting conformably to the circumstances of one's family or station—not in a slavish, ignoble imitation of comparatively a few self-styled favored mortals, whose lot is cast in a different, but not a happier sphere.

There is one indispensable condition of absolute gentility, in the popular sense, which very few in our country can command, viz. an exemption from labor ; and a hard condition it is—not for

those who lose caste on its account, but for those who, by fulfilling it, acquire caste. God made us to be active in mind and body—he gave a spring to universal being—and standing water is the fit emblem of a stagnant life. But even those to whom this exemption may seem desirable, cannot enjoy it, generally speaking, in our country.

A southern gentleman, describing a New England dinner, said, “In the first place, at the head of the table is always a roasted lady.” Now, although a southern dinner may not have so displeasing an accompaniment, we are assured by those who have been behind the scenes in families abounding with slaves, that the mistress herself is the greatest slave of all, since *all* the head-work, and some part of the *handy-work* too, must be done by her; for instance, she must weigh out the food, and cut out the garments of her family servants.

But, notwithstanding this serious obstacle, nowhere, we are assured, is there such a strife for gentility, as in this country, where every other strife most incompatible with that, is perpetually carried on.

It is said to be peculiar to us, that our villages ape, so minutely, the fashions of our cities; that

no sooner is a new fashion of dress, or of the sleeve alone of a dress, introduced into the city, than straightway, as by magic, every sleeve in the country, from the shoulder of the squire's wife to that of her youngest maid, is fashioned precisely after the same model, or, if varied at all, exaggerated for the purpose of being *extremely* fashionable. The stoutest ploughboy in the land will not think of being married, without a silk stocking to his brawny foot. Nor do our female domestics consider their wardrobe quite complete without, at least, one silk gown and one linen-cambric pocket-handkerchief.

And how soon is the infection caught by foreigners who come among us! The sturdy German girl, although she may not immediately reject her national peasants' costume of stout cotton stripe, and foot-gear adapted to the out-of-door work she has been accustomed to, will be very likely to surmount all with a "tasty" silk hat. All this may be very agreeable as a proof of prosperity; but it must be remembered that prosperity without discretion, is as unprofitable as zeal without knowledge.

We laugh at these demonstrations in our inferiors, without considering that we are guilty of



H. Whistler

W. Cook

Child of the thoughtful brow.

absurdities quite as palpable to those in another rank from ourselves. It is said that ladies of moderate fortune in America, dress far more expensively than those of a corresponding rank in Europe ; that we indulge in many expensive articles of dress which they would not think of wearing.

I once knew a lady with whom the passion for gentility amounted almost to a disease. It seemed, in her, an innate propensity, or, at least, it was very difficult to account for it. Born in an obscure country village, not entitled, either by her rank in life, character, education, or circumstances, to take precedence of her compeers, she nevertheless very early began to assume airs of great consequence, on account of superior notions in regard to gentility. Probably, feeling the desire which all have for consequence, and having nothing else to build it upon, she had recourse to extraordinary precision in various points of dress and bearing, in which she vainly imagined gentility chiefly to consist.

Her father was a shop-keeper, or, as we are accustomed to say, a merchant, doing business on a small scale ; both her parents were uneducated.

ignorant and small-minded people, but simple and unassuming. Her ideas of gentility, therefore, had been principally derived from novels, and from intercourse with some of her companions who had enjoyed a privilege she greatly coveted, but could not be allowed, of a six months' residence at a city boarding-school.

As a young lady, the great objects of her ambition were a languid, delicate appearance, and a white hand. This strange perversion of the human mind is, I fear, not very unfrequent in young ladies, and is a legitimate consequence of subscription to a creed which virtually says, "I believe that those only are entitled to the highest place in society, who have nothing to do." Health is the vulgar privilege of the working-man. But what a total absence of all *real* claims to interest and admiration is implied in a young lady's relying for them, mainly, upon a sickly look! Who would exchange roses, pinks, and lilies, with all their beauty and fragrance, for the pale and scentless ghost-flower?

My heroine, in order to effect this favorite object, had recourse to means which I should not like to specify, but which are only too familiar,

I fear, to many of her sex—until her health became so seriously impaired that she was, all her life, a sufferer in consequence.

Her mother, as mothers are apt to be, was exceedingly indulgent to her, and although herself obliged to strain every nerve in order to bring up comfortably and respectably a large family, upon very limited means, seldom obliged her to put her shoulder to the burden. If it did sometimes happen that she was inevitably called upon to do other than some of the "light work" of the family, a flood of tears washed out the disgraceful stain. She had, therefore, the privilege of preserving her hands white, while her mother's wore the vulgar aspect and complexion of hard drudgery. And yet this abominable selfishness was not the "original sin" of her nature; it was the result of her mind being diseased on the subject of gentility.

But it was not until her marriage, when she became Mrs. William Rutherford, and attained to the dignity of a housekeeper and matron, that her passion was fully developed. This was one of those marriages brought about, as many are said to be, "by juxta-position." William Rutherford, the son of a farmer, a plain, sensible, energetic

young man, who had, very honorably to himself, made his own way in the world, studied in a lawyer's office overlooking a garden in which our heroine often strayed.

The sight of a pretty girl walking among the flowers, was an agreeable variety to one whose vision rested many hours in the day upon the grave-looking, monotonous pages of a law-book. He sometimes joined her, and she gave him flowers, for which, without any reference to its being genteel or ungenteel to like them, she had a genuine admiration; and a jar that stood upon his study table was daily supplied from her hand. She was rather pretty, excessively neat in her appearance, and seemed always amiable.

The most energetic person in the world is not insensible to the necessity, or at least the *agreeability* of excitement, and by degrees the plain, simple, natural, sensible William Rutherford was led on until he plighted heart and hand to this very *pretensionary* and foolish young woman. O the rashness of young men, and young women, too, in these momentous matters!

Mrs. Rutherford had too much of the instinct of a New England woman not to make a good housekeeper. She had profited by the lessons

received from her notable mother, albeit an unwilling and truant pupil. She was excessively nice in her habits, and would have her house in order even at the cruel sacrifice of vulgar personal exertions; but these were kept secret as possible from neighbors and visitors.

An unfortunate visit which she made, the first year of her marriage, to a cousin who had married a wealthy merchant in New York, greatly enlarged her ideas on the subject of gentility. She had previously set her heart upon a watch, as one of the ensignia, (now forsooth that very convenient article is very commonly laid aside because it is vulgar to wear it!) but now she had in addition constantly before her eyes, in distant perspective, a Brussels carpet, hair sofa, mahogany chairs, and silver forks. These, though constituting a small part of her cousin's splendor, were almost unknown articles in the village where she lived, and, therefore, would be sufficient to distinguish her.

Although her husband was a thriving lawyer, and had his fair proportion of the business done in the county, yet his income was moderate; and having amassed no property previous to his marriage, it was necessary that in all his arrange-

ments, he should have reference to economy. Great pains were, therefore, necessary on the part of Mrs. Rutherford to secure these objects of her ambition. Never did a politician keep more steadily in view what are supposed to be the politician's aim, office and power—never did the military hero keep his eye more steadfastly fixed upon the wreaths of victory with which he hoped to grace his brow, than did Mrs. Rutherford upon her hair sofa, Brussels carpet, mahogany chairs, and silver forks. For these she lived, and for these she would have done any thing—but die. There is, alas! no fashionable furniture for the grave; it has no privilege save that of rest to the weary. The folly of “garnering up one's heart” in the cunning but perishable works of man's device, in outward show, is very striking when exhibited on so small a scale; magnificence covers up the folly to many eyes.

Objects pursued with such steady determination are almost sure to be gained in time. Mrs. Rutherford practised great economy with reference to their attainment, and although her husband had a far juster sense of the right use of property, and had no taste for making more show than his neighbors—what will not a quiet, peace-loving

man do, that he can do, to tranquilize the restless, unsatisfied spirit of his wife ?

Poor Rutherford was a much enduring man. If during the sitting of the court, (for he lived in the county town,) he invited some brother lawyers to dine with him, there being but an hour's adjournment, and the dinner failed to appear seasonably, no earthly consideration would have induced his wife to leave the room and inquire into the reason of the delay—and still less to do what she might toward preventing its further continuance: because it would be ungenteel for the lady of the house not to be sitting in state with her guests—and horribly vulgar to be supposed conversant with the mysteries of the kitchen.

When the dinner arrived at last, if her only servant, who officiated in the double capacity of cook and waiter, were obliged to leave the room, not a plate must be passed until she returned to do the thing according to rule. No consideration of urgent haste—of comfort or convenience—was to be weighed for a moment with that of having her table *genteeelly* served.

But, notwithstanding her extreme anxiety to do the honors of her house, in what she supposed the most approved manner, she was utterly inca-

pable of performing the most important, dignified, and graceful part of the duty of a hostess,—that of contributing to the intellectual entertainment of her guests. In fact, she was deplorably ignorant. To give a single example: The conversation falling one day upon old English poetry, a gentleman said to her, “I believe, Mrs. Rutherford, that Pope is not so great a favorite with the ladies as formerly.” “I don’t know, indeed, sir,” she replied; “was he a novelist? Scott is the favorite novelist now, I believe.”

It was indispensable to her system to have always the air of being waited upon. If the fire were down ever so low, she would prefer waiting any length of time, until her servant of all-work could answer the bell, rather than help herself to a stick of wood, although close at hand. A friend knocking for admission, might almost go away without getting it, if there were no one but the lady of the house to open the door. Even a journey, recommended by her physician, for her only child, who had suffered much from teething, was not to be thought of, because the additional expense of a nurse could not be afforded: and it was so vulgar to travel with a young child without a nurse! And yet she was not an unfeeling

mother—she would do anything for her child that was not vulgar. Nights of weary watching, and days of laborious nursing, she submitted to with true maternal devotion. Even in his very wardrobe, her husband's comfort was abridged, in conformity with her notions of what gentility required, inasmuch as at no season would he be allowed a cotton shirt, which in the winter he greatly preferred.

I said that by degrees Mrs. Rutherford attained all her objects. I beg her pardon—the silver forks were still wanting to her complete happiness. Against these her husband took his stand with the determination of a desperate man. He said they were very proper for those to use who were born with silver spoons in their mouths—very proper for those who could afford them; but for a young man in his circumstances, the introduction of such an article into his establishment would be perfectly preposterous—that silver forks would be a poor inheritance to his daughter, provided he left her nothing to eat with them. It was so very unusual for her husband to oppose her, that Mrs. Rutherford knew his opposition was not impulsive—not lightly resolved upon; and she yielded to it submissively.

The child was of course included in the mother's plans of gentility. She was not suffered to attend school for fear she should contract vulgarity from her schoolmates. Great pains were bestowed upon her dress; and as what is deficient in money must be made up in time, there was a most lavish expenditure of what is still more valuable than money. Then she was prevented, as far as possible, from doing any thing for herself.

This last point, however, was difficult of accomplishment. Little Caroline herself was an extremely smart, active, capable child; and such a one, who feels the energy stirring within her, cannot well be prevented, in such a very unartificial state of things as exists in a village family, from exerting it.

It is not often that a child derives benefit from her mother's absurdities; but Caroline Rutherford was an exception. The very opposition she met with confirmed all her natural tendencies to rationality; and, in consequence of her being excluded from the schools, her father took great pains with her education, while her mother paid a degree of attention to her manners; which, though it could not render her formal, (no training could have produced that result in her case,) had the

effect to make her considerate and attentive. She grew up, therefore, a very pleasing, lovely girl.

When she was about the age of fourteen, a very exciting event occurred in their quiet village. A gentleman of fortune, who had determined to remove into the country, attracted by its healthy and picturesque location, selected it for his future residence, and purchased a place very near the dwelling of Mr. Rutherford.

This circumstance was rejoiced in by no one so much as by Mrs. Rutherford; and would have gone far toward compensating her for the want of silver forks, except that it made her feel the need of them so much the more; because, "how could she invite Mr. and Mrs. Garrison to dine without them?"

She lost no time in calling upon her new neighbors, choosing for that purpose the latest hour compatible with the country dining hour. She had previously arrayed herself in the manner she deemed most befitting the occasion; that is, most calculated to recommend her to Mrs. Garrison as a person of undoubted gentility, viz: with a dress of Gros de Berlin, a French cape, silk stockings, etc., etc.

To her surprise, she found Mrs. Garrison in a simple gingham morning dress, superintending the nailing down of a carpet; for her house was not yet in order. She received Mrs. Rutherford, however, in a very easy manner, conducting her to an adjoining apartment; and thus, after the usual preliminaries, was the turn given by the latter to the conversation.

"I quite pity you, Mrs. Garrison, for having chosen a residence in the country."

"Pity me, indeed! I thought all people who lived in the country were fond of it. Is it not so with you?"

"O yes! I am very fond of flowers, and I think the country more healthy than town; but then we have such trouble with our servants. Such a thing as a man-cook is quite out of the question. I often tell my husband that there would be some sense, and some pleasure in having one's friends to dine with you, if one could have a man-cook."

"A man-cook, indeed!" replied Mrs. Garrison. "I did not know that such an appendage was ever thought of in the country. It is far from being common in town; and for myself, I have never

employed one. If I can get good women I shall be entirely satisfied."

"Well, ma'am, you cannot be sure even of that; and then, if your servants happen to leave you, it is so difficult to supply their places. Really, Mrs. Garrison, to be left as we are exposed to be occasionally, almost without any help at all, is a calamity almost too great to be borne. House-work is so odious, so disagreeable, I almost loathe myself when I am obliged *to take hold of it*."

This last expression led Mrs. Garrison to suspect that she had been quite accustomed "to take hold" notwithstanding.

"But your country ladies, in spite of these difficulties, have more leisure than we in town. You are not obliged to keep one servant to answer the bell, and to spend the best part of the day yourself in receiving visits from a set of idlers, as formidable, to those who really value their time, as the unproductive consumer to the political economist."

Here Mrs. Rutherford found herself at fault. She looked quite puzzled for a moment, and then replied—"But you do not give refreshments to your morning visitors, Mrs. Garrison? That, I am told, is quite out of fashion."

"And then, too," continued Mrs. Garrison, not appearing to notice this question, "we necessarily have a very large circle of acquaintance for many of whom we care very little ; whereas, you in the country can limit yourselves as much as you please ; and society is, with you, on altogether a more free, uncereemonious, and friendly footing."

"But then," replied Mrs. Rutherford, "country people are, most of them, so vulgar. They know nothing of the forms of society."

"So much the better. In large circles of society they are necessary, but burdensome ; and I expect to enjoy, very much, a more simple, unshackled state of existence. * * * * I had the pleasure of seeing your daughter, I believe, this morning ; a charming looking girl."

"My daughter ! O Mrs. Garrison, I am very sorry indeed. She is a wild girl ; and her father would indulge her to-day in a strawberrying frolic, so she was dressed accordingly. I am sure she was not fit to be seen."

"I cannot say how that may be, for my attention was so occupied by her bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and laughing smile, that I did not notice her dress at all. But the most proper dress is always that most befitting the occasion ; and she

looks to me like a girl of too good sense not to have regard to the fitness of things at all times."

"Dress is another great trouble in the country, Mrs. Garrison. There is never a good dress-maker to be had. You may have your dress cut, to be sure, after a fashionable pattern; but then it will not have at all the air of a city-made dress."

"But I thought, Mrs. Rutherford, that exemption from much trouble of dress was another of your country privileges. In town, the tailor and dressmaker are the most important personages, to be sure; since it is not man as God made him, or as he has made himself, but as the tailor makes him, that is chiefly respected by a very large class—and so with woman; but in the country, people are valued for their intrinsic merits—their minds, and their hearts. This is their privilege and distinction."

"But I think, Mrs. Garrison, that no woman appears well who is not well dressed."

"If you mean, by being well dressed, dressed with neatness and propriety, I agree with you; but city finery, habitually worn, would seem to me as much out of place on the person of a country lady, as artificial flowers in her bosom."

Mrs. Rutherford took her leave, wondering to

find Mrs. Garrison, a *lady* in every sense of the word, so full of what she considered very odd notions ; and did not fail, at dinner, to communicate to her husband the impression she had received.

“ I am thankful,” he replied, “ that she is a woman of some sense. I beg your pardon, wife, but really your head is completely turned upon the subject of furniture, dress, etc. ; and if Mrs. Garrison will set it right, she will do the greatest piece of service in the world that could be rendered to a poor fellow like me.”

“ Why, Mr. Rutherford, I flattered myself you were quite proud of your wife. I am sure it is as much on your account as my own, that I wish to hold my proper place in society.”

“ Your proper place ! Yes, I wish to heaven that would content you ; but you *do* make capital pies, wife, I confess,” he said, as he tasted a delicious tart. Mrs. Rutherford was more gratified by his commendation, than she would have been had she understood its full import.

Meanwhile Mrs. Garrison, in relating to her husband the events of the morning, said : “ We talked, you know, of adapting ourselves to the tastes, manners, and habits of the country ; but

here is a village lady whose head is as full of fashions, modes, and rules of etiquette, as the finest town-lady's of them all. How should it happen?"

"An empty-headed woman I'll be bound," replied Mr. Garrison.

"Well, as to that I cannot tell. She certainly gave no great signs of intellectual cultivation, and that is the case with most of our fine ladies in town; but one would suppose that in the country, if a woman did not love books, she might busy herself in her domestic occupations, with bees, birds, flowers, etc., without being driven to dress and fashion as a refuge from the ennui of a vacant mind."

"What a strange race we are," rejoined her husband, "to make it our boast that we are rational beings. I think, if those to whom man is said to be only a little lower look down upon this busy scene, the pursuits of the greater part of men, and women too, must seem just about as important as the children's sport of blowing soap-bubbles seems to us. One thing I have to congratulate myself upon—the principal lawyer in the village, Mr. Rutherford, is a very clever, sensible, respectable man."

"He must be this very lady's husband."

"Poor fellow! I am sorry for him then."

When Caroline Rutherford returned from her strawberrying expedition, which had been very successful, she begged to be allowed to carry some of her strawberries to Mrs. Garrison, who by her sweet voice and pleasing address had made a most agreeable impression upon her in their short interview in the morning.

Mrs. Rutherford was quite shocked at the suggestion. "Why, my dear child, your dress, shabby enough at best, is all in disorder. Your hair is out of curl, and you are red and heated. Besides, it is much more proper to send Sally with them. Get me a piece of note paper, and will write a note."

"O, mother, do let me have my own way for this once."

Her father nodded in a manner which expressed "go, my child," and she was off in the twinkling of an eye.

"O dear me! Mr. Rutherford, Caroline is so wild, so rustic, I am afraid Mrs. Garrison will be quite disgusted with her."

"Never fear, my dear. I will pit my wild flower against the finest green-house plant a

them all ;” and well he might be proud of his wild flower.

In spite of Caroline’s being “such a rustic,” Mrs. Garrison took a great fancy to her from the beginning, and she soon became a favorite with the whole family. The oldest daughter, Fanny, was two years younger than Caroline, and two of the sons were older. The mother was not long in discovering that Caroline would be a most useful associate to her children in their lessons ; and she invited her to join her little family school. Her industry, energy, and quickness were a constant stimulus to her fellow-pupils. Mrs. Garrison taught her music and drawing, which almost made Mrs. Rutherford forget the one calamity of her life—the doing without silver forks.

Notwithstanding her great delight when Mr. Rutherford ordered a piano for his daughter, she could not refrain from hinting that she thought him rather inconsistent in incurring such an expense, after what had passed on the subject of the forks.

“No, wife,” said he, “I do not admit this at all. The forks, in our case, would be for mere show ; but the piano will be a source of constant daily enjoyment. The pleasure of a song from

Caroline, accompanied by her instrument, is to me worth all the pomp and magnificence of a palace ; 'tis 'a sacred and home-felt delight.' Then, think how she enjoys it ! Besides, all these things add to the resources from which she would not fail to derive her support, if left penniless to-morrow."

That Mr. Rutherford might feel no scruples of delicacy in regard to receiving all these favors for his daughter, Mrs. Garrison employed her to assist in teaching the younger children.

Caroline often excited her mother's astonishment by her reports of what was going on, from time to time, at Mrs. Garrison's. One day they had all employed the recess in assisting Mrs. Garrison, in country phrase, "to clean up her yard;" which, in this instance, amounted only to gathering from the lawn the dry leaves, bits of sticks, etc., which had been carelessly left behind by the person who had been sent to perform that duty. At another time Caroline had had the sole charge of the school in the morning, because Mrs. Garrison, reduced to extremities by some disarrangement of her domestic establishment, had been engaged in washing windows ! and performing divers other services of a similar nature ;

but "I can tell you, mother," she added, "that she looks just as much like a lady when she is washing windows, as when she is sitting at her drawing-board." Occasionally, when the waiter had been ill or absent, one of the children had tended table in her stead; and once, when one of the servants was laid up with a rheumatic limb, her mistress would bathe it herself, several times in the day, in order to be sure that it was properly done. But the greatest wonder of all was, that a young sister of Mrs. Garrison's came to visit her, bringing an infant without a nurse to take care of it; and not only that, but dragged it about the streets of the village in a little wicker wagon, while mother and child were both so pretty as to attract every body's attention.

At the expiration of two years after their first arrival in the village, Mr. and Mrs. Garrison determined to obtain the assistance of a private tutor in the education of their children. They were fortunate in finding a young man, a Mr. Cleveland, of accomplished education and pleasing manners, who knew how to make his pupils like not only their books but their teacher too. He was in the condition of many young men in our country, whose education constitutes their only

fortune. He was destined for the pulpit, and had yet to acquire his profession in part.

Fanny Garrison, accustomed hitherto only to her mother's teaching, could not be reconciled to the idea of being taught by a strange gentleman, unless Caroline would become a fellow-pupil. Nearly two years passed away, during which Caroline made rapid progress in various branches of education—outstripping even the older boys in some of those studies which, until recently, have been almost universally regarded as inappropriate to women.

Mrs. Rutherford had already begun to speculate upon Caroline's chances in the matrimonial lottery. She had no doubt that such a girl, with a fine countenance, engaging manners, highly educated, and full of vivacity, would, in time, make "a *genteel* match." Now and then a vague fear that young Cleaveland might aspire to the hand of her daughter, crossed her mind; but did not impress itself, because it was "impossible that a girl so genteelly bred and educated, should think of marrying a poor young minister, and almost equally so, that a poor young minister should think of aspiring to her."

She settled it in her own mind, that if Caroline

should have altogether a suitable offer in the course of a few years, it was not to be rejected ; but otherwise, there could not be a doubt that Frank Garrison's present youthful fondness for her might be cultivated into a permanent sentiment. The country maid and her milk-pail will remain through all time the faithful and most fitting personification of a castle-builder.

Mrs. Rutherford could not forbear communicating to her husband some of her thoughts upon the subject which occupied her so much, and declaring, in unequivocal terms, her unwillingness to Caroline's making only a "common match," on the ground of her being a fit wife for a man of fortune, and qualified to grace a genteel establishment.

"Now, I will tell you what, wife," replied her husband, "you do not know what is best for yourself or her either. Caroline is just the girl for a good, honest fellow, who has got to make his own way in the world ; such a man wants just such a helper, or help-meet, as the Bible has it. It would be a pity to have her good sense, and fine spirits, and energy, and education thrown away where they ain't wanted, or rather where they won't be all called into requisition and turned to the greatest

possible account. He who gets his living by hard work, whether of the head or the hands, wants a wife who will order well his house and educate his children—who will strengthen him in weakness—encourage him in despondency—confirm him when irresolute—soothe him when irritated—comfort and bless him perpetually with her sympathy, and look bright, beautiful, and refreshing to him when the day's toil is over. Now a rich man's wife need not *do* any thing; his wealth can command the aid of hands enough and heads enough, without hers. Then his pleasures are very apt to be in a great many other things besides his wife; and a woman who knows how to dress smart, and receive his company genteely, as you say, will do very well for him. But to a poor man his wife and children are his all-in-all of pleasure; and to make the happiness of a man who has every thing good in himself, but to whom the gifts of fortune have been denied, ought to be sufficient to satisfy any woman."

Of course Mrs. Rutherford rejected such heretical doctrines altogether, though she had no hope of converting him who professed them.

Meanwhile the simple, happy Caroline mused not of love; she was too happy—too much oc-

cupied—too well satisfied with the present, to think of the future. Life, with her, was perpetual sunshine. She was very fond of her father—had a kind and dutiful feeling toward her mother—loved the Garrisons dearly—was exceedingly interested in her studies—and liked Mr. Cleveland very much. She liked him because she found his assistance very valuable to her in her studies—because he was not only exceedingly devoted, in his office as teacher, to all his pupils, but made them very happy—because he manifested, in all situations, great delicacy of feeling and the kindest consideration for others, showing that he felt deeply and tenderly the bonds of human brotherhood—because he had an agreeable talent at conversation—because he loved the water-falls, fields, rivers, and groves as well as she did, and, when school was over, liked nothing better than to ramble and sport in true country fashion—and lastly, she liked him, as I suppose, because he liked her ; for a reason akin to this, enters, more or less, I believe, into the rationale of all the partialities of man for his brother man.

Mrs. Garrison felt some responsibility in regard to bringing so lovely a girl as Caroline Ruther-

ford, into constant association with a marriageable young man of no small attractions. But she knew him thoroughly—was certain that he was worthy of confidence, and, besides, was herself constantly with the whole groupe, both in school and in his hours of recreation.

How could Charles Cleaveland but fall in love? Not at first sight—not because it had seemed to him a very probable thing that he should; but because there was no earthly reason why he should not—because there was every thing to please his fancy, gratify his affections, and approve itself to his reason, in the young creature with whom he was daily associated in interesting pursuits and delightful recreations. In school she was that paragon of perfection to a teacher, a diligent, docile, and apt pupil; by the stream, a naiad; in the groves, a wood-nymph; in the garden and the meadow, the ideal of a bird or a butterfly. How could she but come, in time, to haunt his imagination and make her home in his heart, in one and all the bewitching forms of love's metempsychosis?

His interest had been for some time deeply excited, before she became aware of the state of his mind or her own. But the truth gradually

dawned upon her when, time after time as she raised her head, she found him intently gazing upon her; when she perceived unwonted abstraction, on his part, in the hours of her recitations; when she found herself, by some strange magic or other, meeting him at every turn, as if he knew all her out-goings and in-comings; when his visits at her father's hitherto, on account of her mother's forbidding manners few and far between, became more and more frequent; and as she sat at the piano, where he always liked to place her, she could *feel* the intensity of his gaze until it produced a burning in her own cheek.

Then she, too, began to muse of him. He was the subject of her day-dreams and night-dreams; his image forever in her mind; sleep did not displace it. It was there when she closed her eyes to sleep, and there to greet her at the first moment of her waking. The animated Caroline became pensive; the social Caroline began to affect solitary walks and lonely sittings in her chamber. She gazed upon the moon, or she listened to the murmuring brook or the whispering grove; and the gay and joyous feeling with which she had been accustomed to mingle herself with

the harmonies of nature, gave way to one of sacred tenderness, as they seemed to her spirit to give forth a deeper tone.

Still her natural equanimity came in aid of her maidenly reserve to conceal from her lover the true state of her heart, and he felt by no means certain that his love was requited. But neither was he hopeless; and knowing that it would be difficult for him to carry himself toward her as he ought during the three months that still remained of his engagement with Mrs. Garrison without having an explanation with Caroline, which it would be improper for him to seek while he stood in his present relation to her, he determined to ask it as a favor of Mrs. Garrison that she would release him, which he did, of course, without assigning his principal motive.

The morning after this arrangement was made, Mrs. Garrison entered the school-room just as Caroline was finishing a recitation, and said, "Now, children, do your best to leave an agreeable impression upon the mind of Mr. Cleaveland, who is going to resign the charge of you in two weeks."

Poor Caroline turned deadly pale, and the paleness was instantly succeeded by a deep blush.

She took up her book and returned instantly to her seat, hoping she had been unobserved ; but she was mistaken. Such a revelation is rarely lost upon a lover ; and, in this instance, did not escape the observation of Mrs. Garrison.

At any other time, Mr. Cleaveland would have been gratified by the lively and most unaffected demonstrations of regret with which the announcement of his speedy departure had been received by the whole group of children. But now, one deep joy swallowed up all the rest ; and his utter inability to reply to them would have been extremely embarrassing, had not Mrs. Garrison kindly and considerately relieved him by a request that he would look into a new school-book which she had just received.

His only trouble in life now, was the interminable duration of two weeks. That period of time overpast, he would declare his love, and then devote himself to his profession with the intent to hasten, as much as possible, the time when he might claim his bride. Meanwhile, Caroline had no resource but to put on, as far as possible, the appearance of being more than ever absorbed in her studies.

Mrs. Rutherford had not been unobservant of

the signs of the times in regard either to Caroline or Cleaveland, and felt extremely uneasy and anxious. Her husband, on the contrary, she knew would like nothing better than just such a match for his daughter; and therefore she determined, in the present emergency, to keep her own counsels and act for herself.

During this last memorable fortnight, Cleaveland almost entirely suspended his visits to the Rutherfords, and his intercourse with Caroline, except as her teacher; because he found it almost impossible to carry himself toward her as circumstances required.

On the last day Caroline, although she had got up with a violent headache, would not remain at home for fear of exciting suspicion or remark; but her illness was so apparent, that Mrs. Garrison had insisted upon her leaving the school.

Cleaveland had not *seemed* nearly as much occupied with herself, as usual, ever since his departure had been determined upon. She was in no state to solve the problem of this change by an argumentative process, and she began to think she had deceived herself—that she had been, merely an agreeable and exciting circumstance

in the present scene of his residence—no longer valued when he was so soon to exchange it for another. When she went home, therefore, she threw herself upon her bed, and burst into a flood of tears.

Meanwhile her lover with difficulty possessed his soul, until the hour of emancipation came, and he felt at liberty to throw himself at her feet. He then went in pursuit of her, in the sweet hope that by a few magic words—the lover's sesame—he should unlock her carefully guarded heart, and find its wealth all his own. No one was at home but Mrs. Rutherford.

“Where is Miss Caroline?”

“She has gone to walk—”

“Gone?—which way?”

There was something in his manner which revealed, or, at least, led Mrs. Rutherford to suspect the nature of his errand. She believed that the crisis had come, and that now, if ever, was the moment for interference.

To his questions she only replied, evidently somewhat embarrassed, “Mr. Cleaveland, I want to speak a word with you.”

He was already on his way out, and turned most reluctantly.

“Walk into the parlor a moment, Mr. Cleaveland. I don’t know how Mr. Rutherford feels about this business, but I think that, as a mother, I have a better right than any one else to decide about it.”

Cleaveland, at first, would not guess to what she referred ; and, perceiving that he did not understand her, she continued : “I know it is a very delicate matter for me to take it for granted that you would like to marry Caroline. If I am mistaken, there is no harm done, and you will excuse me ; if I am not mistaken, it would be too late, after you young people had settled the matter between you, for me to express my decided disapprobation of it, and therefore I do it now. I appeal to you, Mr. Cleaveland, as a mother, whose soul is bound up in her child, to give up all thoughts of a connection which would fall very far short of my hopes and wishes for my laughter.”

For a moment, poor Cleaveland sat like one stupified. Then, without any parting salutation to Mrs. Rutherford, without even a single word in reply to her strange harangue, he hastily left the house. He retreated to his own room ; but experienced there a stifling sensation, which he

thought to relieve by going into the open air ; and pursuing his way to a favorite haunt, he met Caroline just emerging from the little grove he was about to enter.

Not daring to trust himself with her a moment, and unable to command his voice, he hastily passed her with hardly the seeming of a recognition. Her headache had left her much exhausted, and a dizzy faintness now came over her, so that it was with great difficulty that she reached her home, although not very far distant.

Meanwhile her lover was in a most piteous state of agitation and perplexity. Was he obliged in honor to heed the matrimonial veto ? Believing that Caroline was attached to him, was it right to keep her in ignorance of his love ? Her father, too, had given him the most undoubted proofs of his esteem ; and so far from showing any jealousy or suspicion of him, had always acquiesced entirely in all those arrangements which had brought them together so much, might he not refer the matter to him ? But to appeal to the husband against his wife—to the daughter against her mother—this would be neither manly nor delicate, perhaps not honorable ; he was not quite sure. To fly, then, was his only refuge.

He wrote a note to Mrs. Garrison, complaining of illness, saying that he had been induced, by unexpected circumstances, to leave town, contrary to his first intentions, on the following day ; but that, on the whole, he preferred not taking leave of them personally, as the parting would, on his part, be a very painful one. He thanked her, in glowing terms, for all her kindness, adding, that he never expected to be so happy again as under her roof.

Mrs. Garrison was surprised* by this last expression ; surprised by his hasty departure, and by his omitting to make his adieus in person ; and had a vague idea of some mystery in the matter, which she hoped time might solve. He went off at two o'clock in the morning.

Mrs. Rutherford took especial care to conceal the fact of his having called to see her, from Caroline, who forbore to make any inquiries ; and Mr. Rutherford being out of town, no investigation was made upon the subject.

Poor Caroline ! her brightness was, for the present, all obscured. Her headache returned violently, and she was really ill for some days ; but even after she had no longer an excuse for playing the invalid, her spirits did not return ;

she had sleepless nights and languid days, and her very soul seemed to have died away within her.

Her father was excessively distressed. At first he tried to rouse her spirits by a little raillery. "You remind me," said he, "of a fine peach-tree which I came near losing last spring. It was in full life and beauty, just as you were, but suddenly a blight came over it which threatened its destruction. I dug around the root and found one little worm there—that removed, the tree flourished again."

Poor Caroline made no reply, but burst into tears and retreated to her room.

"There *is* a canker-worm at the root, you may depend upon it, wife; and it appears to me that you might detect it."

Mrs. Rutherford looked as if she were a little disturbed at the idea of any investigation.

"If you do know, wife," said he, "and don't choose to reveal what you know, the responsibility rests with you, and her blood be upon your head. Tell me, now, what is your idea upon the subject, has not Caroline been unhappy ever since young Cleaveland went away?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever think that they were in love?"

"I thought *he* was."

"And yet he went off without broaching the matter at all. If it is all on her part, the thing must be submitted to; and yet it seems to me he could hardly help falling in love with her."

"No, indeed!" said Mrs. Rutherford, gathering courage to do now what she had half resolved to do before, "he did fall in love with her."

"Then why did he not tell her so?"

"Because I forbade him."

"Did he apply to you on the subject?"

"No. I applied to him."

"Then how could you be certain that he had any design of offering himself to her?"

"You would not have had any doubt of it had you seen him as I did; and besides, he would have denied it if it had not been so."

"O wife! what *was* your inducement? He is not *genteel* enough for you, I suppose. Confound your genteel notions," he continued, as, losing control of himself, he became exceedingly exasperated; "I would give all the gentility you ever had, or ever can have, for a few grains of sense or common maternal feeling. I knew you would give up health, and comfort, and good neighbor-

hood, and your own soul, if necessary, for gentility ; but I thought your child was dearer to you than your own soul."

"Why, Mr. Rutherford, I do really think you are very unkind," said the lady, bursting into tears.

"How the devil," he continued, without heeding her emotion, "did you ever come to marry such an ungenteel fellow as I am, and thus establish a precedent for your daughter to follow? Go and comfort her, and say to her, 'My dear, console yourself that I have saved you from the disgrace consequent upon such a connection as I had the misfortune to form.' Tell her never to mind losing the chance of being made happy by a capital fellow whom she loves, and who loves her, because by-and-by, if she live long enough, she may possibly marry a money-purse, ride in a carriage, tread on Brussels carpets, and have a plenty of mirrors and glasses to see herself in, and couches to recline upon, and silver forks to eat with—who knows? Tell her it is all a mistake to suppose that happiness has anything to do with the mind or the heart; that it is all a thing of the eyes. Tell her its foundations are laid up in brick and mortar, and its superstructure is comprised of all the costly materials that can

be gathered together from the four corners of the earth. Go now, quick, wife, call her down stairs, and bid her look at your best parlor—your better half—and tell her you expect she will have a whole suit of such apartments, only a great deal finer. Say to her, ‘Look at it, Caroline ; gaze on it, my child, and forget the image of him who, though God’s noblest work, cannot afford to manufacture happiness for you out of cabinet-ware and upholsterers’ stuffs.’ Go, wife, and be eloquent.”

Having thus *exploded*, he left the house.

Poor Mrs. Rutherford had never heard her husband indulge in such a vein before. She was kind and attentive to his comfort, and his disposition led him to make the most, both to her and to himself, of whatever in her was good and commendable. She did not suspect, therefore, that there ever lurked in his bosom a feeling of contempt. It was a wretched day for the whole family.

In the evening, after Caroline bade good-night, the subject was renewed. Mr. Rutherford had thought much and deeply upon it. Had Cleaveland avowed his love, he might go to him at once, and tell him that his wife repented the step she

had taken—but now, what was to be done? he could not tell.

Matters went on thus for about three months, during which Mrs. Garrison shared in the solicitude which Caroline's parents felt on her account—although, in seeing her droop, she could only guess at the cause. She corresponded with Mr Cleaveland, but he never mentioned Caroline—and she could only venture upon what might seem an accidental reference to her, and allusion to her poor health and spirits. At the end of three months she received from him the following letter:—

MY DEAR MRS. GARRISON—Your very great kindness, and your most generous sympathy so constantly manifested towards me, induces me to lay before you a matter that very nearly concerns me, for the purpose of obtaining your advice in circumstances of great delicacy and perplexity.

I think it could not have altogether escaped your observation, that, as would probably have befallen most other young men in like circumstances, I lost my heart to your fair young friend, my pupil. Nor was I a despairing lover—may my presumption be pardoned, in believing that I

occasionally discovered through the veil of her most delicate and maidenly reserve, a certain tremulousness of feeling which that veil could not entirely disguise—an occasional agitation of manner on her part, from which I derived the flattering conclusion that it was sometimes given to me to touch “the electric chain with which she’s darkly bound.”

But I waited until one relation with her should be at an end before attempting to establish another; and just as I was on the point of declaring myself, her mother, suspecting my intention, interfered to prevent its fulfilment—saying, as nearly as I can remember, that such an union would fall far below her wishes and hopes for her daughter.

I do indeed feel that I am not worthy of such a treasure as Caroline Rutherford. But I suppose it would be doing Mrs. Rutherford no injustice to believe that my most striking deficiency in her eyes, would be made up at once, were I to come into possession of a fortune.

I am very wretched—and it is possible that I am not alone in my wretchedness. It does not seem fitting that the destiny of two human beings capable of acting and choosing for themselves,

should be controlled by idiosyncrasies of a third person. It does not seem fitting that if we are capable of loving and making each other happy, we should be separated by such a paltry wall of partition. I have a strong impression, too, that Mr. Rutherford would favor my suit. And yet, what can I do? How am I to break the fetters that Mrs. R. has thrown around me? Give me your counsel, I pray you, and add one more to the many obligations which you have already heaped upon

Your very grateful and affectionate friend,

CHARLES CLEAVELAND.

Mrs. Garrison was not long in deciding what to do. Her great kindness to Caroline, and the services which she had rendered her, entitled her to act in whatever concerned her welfare. Having provided herself with a store of arguments to overcome all objections, and set the matter in its true light, she determined to appeal directly to Mrs. Rutherford herself. To her surprise and joy, she found her most thankful to avail herself of the opportunity to retract her injunction. Her home once so pleasant, had become so cheerless,

and her husband so estranged—to say nothing of Caroline—that in the exigencies of the present, she forgot all her visions for the future.

Of course Mrs. Garrison lost no time in communicating the result to her friend; and Mrs. Rutherford was no less eager to inform her husband of what had happened.

“Well, now,” said he, “Caroline shall know of this at once. She must have it explained to her sooner or later—why Cleaveland went off in so strange a manner; better hear it from me than from her lover; it will be awkward for him to tell it; and, besides, she has suffered enough already; and now, when better things are in store for her, the sooner she enters into the enjoyment of them the better. * * * * Before Caroline slept that night, there was, for her, balm, and a physician—and her sorrows were all healed.

The next week the lovers met without explanation,—save the tears of Caroline, and the trembling lips and hand of Charles. They met, as if they had parted acknowledged lovers, and been, since that time, cut off from each other by some sore calamity. From their dark hour broke forth a rosy dawn which in time was kindled to

perfect day. The bloom soon gathered again on Caroline's cheek, and her eye was once more soul-lit.

Charles was not long in obtaining a respectable settlement. Caroline was henceforth permitted to manage her own affairs; to make her outfit such as became a country clergyman's wife, with every provision for comfort and none for display; and to have a perfectly unostentatious wedding, without a supper—without even champagne.

She lived to realize her father's beau-ideal of a woman's happiness—to be the "all-in-all of pleasure" to a man in every way worthy of her.

A'T HOME.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

"Her storied lore she next applies,
Taxing her mind to aid her eyes."

BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

THOU lookest wearily, my love, but now the toil
some day
Is over, and the quiet eve its labors shall repay.
Come, I will pull the sofa round, and pile the
cushions higher,
And Gheber-like, thou shalt adore this comfort-
beaming fire.
How shall I pet thee, weary one?—I love to tend
on thee ;
Shall I sit here, and let thee rest thy head upon
my knee ?
I will not light the tapers yet—I like this pleasant
gloom,
With the red blaze at intervals illumining the
room,

Reflected in thy sparkling eye, and gleaming on
thy brow :

My prized, my own, my only one, how lovely
look'st thou now !

What happiness to gaze on thee ! after the bitter
years

Of absence and uncertainty, of solitude and
tears.

Rememberest thou those dear, dear nights, so *very*
long ago,

When love was younger, (not more true,) those
nights of frost and snow,

When thou didst make, through storm and shower,
thy pilgrimage to me ?

Rememberest thou the forest walks, and the large
willow tree,

And the white wild-flowers ? I should like that
dear old place to see.

What say'st thou, love ?—a story, such as I told
thee then.

What shall it be ?—thou dost not want the old
ones o'er again.

I've told thee all the tales know, of witch and
fairy lore,

Though, since we parted, I have read at least a
thousand more.

Yet thoughts of thee, my absent one, so occupied
my brain,
Few traces of their incidents in memory remain.
Shall I tell of Lady Eva and the brave Sir Agil-
thorn,
The Brother Knights of Lombardy, the Fate of
Adelmorn,
The Legend of Sir Lancelot, the Fairy of the
Well,
Sir Ethelberg of Brittany, the Quest of Jorindell?
Oh! glorious days of chivalry, what can with
them compare?—
When all the cavaliers were brave, and all the
ladies fair;
When hero-hands won tender hearts, and deeds
of bold emprise
Were paid with lays from minstrels' lutes and
looks from ladies' eyes.
Aye! love was worth the having then, and worth
the giving too,
When knightly honor deem'd it shame to proffer
vows untrue,
And nought but nature's nobleness could beauty's
pride subdue.
Alas! the "march of intellect" has crush'd these
fairy bowers,

Our heroes dress in good broadcloth, and court-
ship's *years* are *hours*.

Yet still from Love's celestial fount some honeyed
waters fall,

Else were the cup of earthly life but an unmin-
gled gall.

And if thou 'lt listen to a tale of *modern* love and
wo,

I 'll tell thee a *true* story, dear, that chanc'd not
long ago.



The ship had quitted the glittering bay,

And graceful sped on her ocean way.

Stern eyes grew sad, as their native land

Sunk from the view of the convict band.

O'er tree and tower, and fortress wall,

O'er slender spire and steeple tall,

Distance drew her veil of haze ;

One, one lingering tear-fraught gaze,

Earnest dwelt on the fading shore,

That fled from those eyes for evermore.

There was one cry, as if long-pent grief

Mastered resolve, and sought relief.

One indrawn gasp of the struggling breath—

And the lip that drew it seemed still'd in death.

They rais'd from the deck that senseless form,
 And even those crime-chill'd hearts grew warm
 With pity. They put back her raven hair,
 Bar'd her white neck to the cool sea air,
 And dash'd the spray on her forehead fair;
 Till slowly unclos'd her languid eyes,
 And Death relinquish'd his half-won prize.

* * * * *

“So young, so lovely, are *thine* a face
 And form for the brand of black disgrace?
 So innocent seeming—can it be true
 Thou art justly one of yon loathsome crew,
 Whose savage ire, and more savage glee,
 Mingle guilt, doom, and misery?”

“Oh! ask me, ask me not to speak
 Of why I bear this felon thrall;
 My senses reel, my heart grows weak,
 The stain of shame is on my cheek,—
 Yet would I not the past recall.
 I thank thee for thy pitying care,
 But must my lot unaided bear.
 Enough, I unreluctant go
 To banishment, disgrace, and wo.”

“Thy words are wild—I would not press

Intrusive on thy heart's distress ;
Nor do I seek thy griefs to know,
But in the hope to balm thy wo,
And point thee to that Mercy-seat,
Where penitence and pardon meet.
Heaven comfort thee, poor girl !”

—— “ And may
That Heaven thy words with blessings pay !
Stranger, all guilty as I seem,
Do not too harshly of me deem.
'T is long since pitying word or look
To me were given—scorn I could brook ;
But sympathy's sweet accents rest
Like sunbeams on my frozen breast.”

Her bosom swell'd with choking sighs,
Her small hands hid her streaming eyes.
Those lily hands, of fairy mould,
No tale of menial usage told ;
That slender youthful shape, though clad
In homely weeds, rare graces had ;
And when stern effort had suppress'd
The grief that shook her throbbing breast,
Apart the veiling curls she flung,
That o'er her face dishevelled hung.
'Though tear-strain'd, pale, and worn with care,

Surpassing loveliness was there ;
And when she met the earnest eye
Of kind, yet dubious scrutiny,
O'er her chill paleness, rushing came
From breast to brow the crimson shame.

—" My father bears a noble name,
My birth-place was a lordly hall ;
In that proud hall an orphan dwelt,
'T is no new tale—when young hearts melt
And mingle, weak is Reason's thrall,
Fear's whisper, Duty's thunder-call,
Alike unheard, unheeded all.
Oh ! lov'd, though unrelenting sire,
Thou dost forget, in thy stern ire
Against the daughter once so dear,
Thyself didst bring temptation near.

I was a bride, a happy bride,
My gentle Malcolm's joy and pride.
Though poverty was in our cot,
Love dwelt there, and we fear'd her not.
But sickness came—our daily toil
Alone had fed life's lamp with oil.
O'er my poor Malcolm's feverish bed
I watch'd all night, then sleepless sped

To labor for our wants. Oh! why
Did Heaven forbid us both to die?
The sleepless night, the scant repast,
The toilsome day—this could not last;
Unknown, uncar'd for, by his side
Sickening I lay, and Malcolm tried,
While yet pale cheek and tottering limb
Told how disease had prey'd on him,

His hireling task to ply.

Alas! the eager will in vain
Struggled with lassitude and pain;
Desperate, he sought his home again
To see his Marian die.

From fearful dreams I frenzied woke;
As famish'd nature crav'd, I spoke.
Unconscious of his soothings meek,
Of the hot tears that bath'd my cheek,
I pray'd for food. He could not bear
The wo of that delirious prayer;
He went, return'd—with gold he came—
But branded with a robber's name.

They tore him from my wild embrace,
They dragg'd him to a prison cell;
I sought him in that fearful place,

I gaz'd once more upon his face,
Exchang'd one sad farewell—
And then, a crime-stain'd exile, he
Was sent to dwell beyond the sea.

Then, then, I was indeed alone—
Sense, duty, reason, all were gone,
Life was one racking sense of pain,
One only thought dwelt in my brain,
To see my victim-love again.
To soothe his grief, support his care,
His shame, his punishment, to share.
But how, from whom assistance claim?
Banish'd, disown'd—my very name
Forbidden to my father's ear,
Would he my plaint or purpose hear?
Friendless and poor—one desperate thought
Amid my wilder'd musings wrought.
If mine the crime, the sentence too,
Whisper'd the demon. Oh! how few
Of those who bask in fortune's glare,
Can fancy poverty's despair!
On splendor's gilded couch reclin'd,
With luxury-sated frame and mind,
They talk of *labor* and *content*,
And o'er the *snares of wealth* lament.

Oh ! could they for brief time endure
 The legion temptings of the *poor*,
 Their fiery trial once gone o'er,
 They'd mourn the *snares of wealth* no more.

—I spurn'd the sinful thought away,
 I wept, I knelt, I strove to pray ;
 But Heaven is deaf to rebel prayer,
 And mine sent no submission there.
 Day after day crept torturing by,
 And brought no hope, no comfort nigh.
 Should I the penance seek to shun,
 For whom the guilty deed was done ?—
 The urging fiend was at mine ear,
 Maddening with sorrow, love, and fear,
 'Twas done, detected—I am here."

* * * * *

Her haven the stately ship has won,
 The convict crew to their toils have gone.
 There's a grove of palms in that southern isle,
 Through their coronaled tops the moonbeams
 smile

On a fairy hut, where vine-boughs throw
 Their cluster'd wealth o'er the lattice low,
 And dim the silvery rays that pour
 Their brightness aslant the humble floor.

Hark !—the accents of weeping prayer
Upon the vesper stillness glide ;
The voices are yonder hut within,
They plead for pardon, and mourn for sin—
There Marian kneels at Malcolm's side.

Now for the moral of my tale.—Although of
heavenly birth,
Love sometimes deigns to fold his wings, and find
a home on earth.
He strengthens woman's hand to deeds that make
the warrior quail,
He raises woman's mind to thoughts that turn
stout manhood pale ;
The feeble frame, the fearful heart, for him grow
strong, to brave
The tempest or the battle-field, the desert or the
grave ;
He led poor Malcolm's faithful bride across the
stormy sea :
So loves fond woman's martyr-heart—so, dearest,
love I thee.

The above poem is founded on an anecdote which appeared some years ago in an English gazette.

TO THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

I.

BIRD of the lone and joyless night,
 Whence is thy sad and solemn lay?
 Attendant on the pale moon's light,
 Why shun the garish blaze of day?

II.

When darkness fills the dewy air,
 Nor sounds the song of happier bird,
 Alone amid the silence there
 Thy wild and plaintive note is heard.

III.

Thyself unseen, thy pensive moan
 Poured in no loving comrade's ear;
 The forest's shaded depths alone
 That mournful melody can hear.

IV.

Beside what still and secret spring,
In what dark wood, the livelong day,
Sitt'st thou with dusk and folded wing,
To while the hours of light away.

V.

Sad minstrel ! thou hast learned like me,
That life's deceitful gleam is vain ;
And well the lesson profits thee,
Who will not trust its charms again !

VI.

Thou, unbeguiled, thy plaint dost trill,
To listening night when mirth is o'er :
I, heedless of the warning still,
Believe, to be deceived once more !

E. F. E.



THE CHILD'S BEST FRIEND.

NAY, start not so, nor turn thy head away,
 Fair infant, from thy comrade's boisterous play ;
 Thy fond and faithful friend ! thy guard by night .
 Thy toy by day ! thy playmate and delight !
 Oh ! may'st thou never—through the changeful
 years

Which pass thou must in this dark vale of tears—
 Oh ! may'st thou never find a friend less true,
 Whose love nor time nor distance may subdue—
 Nor cruelty estrange, nor falsehood shake !
 Who, treat him as thou may'st, for thy dear sake
 Fearless will leap where swiftest currents flow—
 Fearless will strive against the fiercest foe !
 Will bear all worst extremes of earthly ill,
 Famine, and weariness, and wintry chill !
 Who, though thine all, on this side heaven, were
 lost—

Thy friends proved false, thy fortunes ocean-tost—
 Thy nearest kinsmen coldly turned aside—
 Would love thy want, even as he loved thy pride—
 Would lick thy hand, though it had nought to give,
 Nor leave thy poverty with kings to live ! q.

NAPOLEON, AND THE IRON CROWN.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

HE sat with haughty men about his throne,
Himself the greatest king. The monarchy
That he held o'er the nations was his own.
It spoke in that broad brow and cloudless eye—
It was the monarchy of soul, that beamed
From every chiseled feature—till command,
With a strange power upon the spirit, seemed
To speak as with a voice from loftier land ;
And each who heard it, tho' he wore a crown,
To that great mien and tone of royalty bent down !

It was a golden crown—its iron band
The brows had girdled of a race of kings ;
He bore it to his own with his white hand,
As some ringed bauble of those weary things
Great hearts despise—e'en when they spell the
world

With their poor lustre. As he lifted it,
His pallid lip with pride imperial curled,

And his large shadowy eye with fierceness lit—
 “God gave it me. *Beware who touches,*” fell
 On the helmed ears around him, like a signal bell!

It had been lifted to the warrior head
 Of the whole line of Lombardy; and now
 It towered above the marbles of the dead
 Upon the unchanging paleness of a brow
 That frowned on worlds in mastery. It shone
 With sapphire and with emerald without,
 In bravery of its radiance alone:
 Within that iron band went dark about,
 Untouched by grayling Time; tho’ centuries
 Had fled ere yet that crown gleamed o’er Napo-
 leon’s eyes.

And how tradition gathered as you gazed!
 What relic of such holiness has man
 Beheld, with spirit silenced and amazed,
 Since awful story of the past began!
 It was the “Iron Crown” that from the nail
 Of the red Cross on Calvary, for kings
 Was fashioned thus! And as we read the tale
 E’en now, some memory like an echo rings
 Thro’ the astonished heart, until we feel
 A reverence with the mystery about us steal!

Crown of the Crucifixion ! O that He,
On whose aspiring brow it sat, had felt
And fought the spirits of his Destiny !
Then had a palsied world beheld him melt
In tears for mortals, where he strode in blood,
And shrieked for conquest. Then his loftier
path

Had been above the dashing of that flood
That broke about the highway of his wrath,
And Glory, like an angel, beckoned on
To summits nobler than the proudest that he won !

O, had he felt that that which then did bind
His beating temples with its iron band,
Might once, indeed, of that Immortal Mind,
That gladdened Earth, have pierced the symbol
hand ;

Had vision wafted him to those dim years,
When Christ was bowing to the Agony,
And pouring upon Man his farewell tears,
Ere His triumphal parting for the sky—
What then had been the story of thine eye,
Than tongues more eloquent, O “Child of Destiny !”

Then, when the trumpet brattled with his name,
In the mad morning of his opening days,

And his best music was the voice of Fame,
Merging each accent of a lowlier praise—
How changed along the ice-path of that land,
The mountain-barrier of an empire, then,
Had that stern spirit strode—the loud command
Sunk to that suasion that makes captive men,
By its great moral harmony, and pours
New light from that far fount it draws from, and
adores!

Then—ere the earthquake summons of red War
Had lured him to that passion-field, where Man,
Wild as the wild things, oft, he battles for,
Ended in blackness what in blood began—
Forth, with his pilgrim-staff, and book, and
prayer,
From citadel to wilderness, his way
Had lain through paths of Solitude and Care,
The forest midnight and the glare of day—
Proclaiming to the world, with prophet tongue,
The Heaven-commissioned histories that round
him rung!

Then had he crushed the Conq'ror to the dust—
And trod the dabbled sword beneath his feet—
Cast the crown downward as a thing accurst,
And fled as pestilence the monarch's seat !

Then had the gilded helm and warrior steed
Been banished, as the necromance of dreams—
The sceptre spurned as some unwelcome reed,
Nor clutched as the gemmed wonder that it
seems!

Then had the world seen rest—and with its
years
Virtue and Light had come, whose coming asked
no tears!

Then had that mighty creature, that no prayer
Could stay upon his mountain-march to win
All that he dreamt of—for no mercy there
Would breathe her whisper mid the tramp and
din

Of shaking armies—with a reverence, then,
Had he looked up to God, and asked of Heaven
What in his broad companionship with Men,
Of loftier Duty with his Power was given—
What, with a mind so pregnant of the skies,
All Earth might look for from its hallow'd
energies!

THE BARLOW KNIFE.

BY ROBERT JONATHAN.

THERE was one event of my boyish days which is the cause of such amusing reminiscence in my later years, that I cannot refrain, dear reader, from making you acquainted with it. It happened upon a time, after I had worn out my first frock coat, and got tired of trundling hoops and wagons, and drawing sleds, that I felt, as many boys do, an inordinate desire to experience the comforts of *whittling* ; but I had no knife—always excepting an old *case-knife* which mother used to lend me. But then, this was not *the thing* ; for, besides being inconvenient, I could not *shut it up*, and put it in my pocket, and walk about with the proud consciousness that it was *my own*—not *borrowed* from any one, but *MINE*—sacred to *my* individual use and behoof. However, believing that my youthful happiness depended upon the gratification of this desire, I treated with mother to negotiate with father upon the subject of procuring me:

F

a knife. This was on a Saturday afternoon in the month of July. Mother told me that, if I would be a good boy, and *keep* that night and the next day (Sunday) as I ought, and go to school every day, and study hard, and mind the schoolmistress, and divers other conditions—to all of which I eagerly consented without considering the possibility of fulfilling them—on these conditions, I say, she, on her part, promised to ask father to give me a *knife*. Accordingly, in pursuance of our stipulations, I kept Saturday night very well—went to bed early—went to sleep, and straightway to dreaming of the glorious fruition of all my hopes. I dreamed that I had a new knife—that I “*sharpened it up*” until it would *cut a hair*—that I had a soft piece of seasoned white pine—that, in fact, I was *whittling*! And how inexpressible was the delight which I experienced! Surely moral philosophers should give mankind—at least the *boy* part of it—credit for a new and additional sense, which they should term *Whittleation*, and upon which they should base a new science and denominate it *Whittleology*. For what natural sensation is there which can be compared with that which is experienced while drawing the keen-edged blade through the deli-

cate fibres of some soft, well-seasoned wood ? So far as my boyish experience extends, there is no enjoyment so deep, so soothing, and so satisfactory as that derived from *whittling* ; whether it be upon a shingle or a school-bench—upon the squire's picket-fence or the village sign-post. But to my dream. All things went on charmingly until an unfortunate turn of my shingle brought my knife-blade in contact with one of my fingers, and the pain of the wound thus inflicted, dispelled the delightful vision which had enthralled me. And so impatient was I to have Monday morning come round, that I could sleep no more that night, and, although it was but an hour before daybreak, still it appeared to me that weeks were crowded into that short period, while I was waiting and watching for the blessed dawn of the Sabbath. Finally, daylight appeared ; and with its earliest dawn I arose and began to whistle “Heigh Betty Martin,” in great glee ; but on recollection of my treaty with mother, I ceased whistling and walked down into the sitting-room with all the assumed gravity of a Friar Tuck, and with a face long as a grape-vine, and sombre as a dying cypress. I attended church all day, and did not take my eyes off the minister, except during prayers ; but sat

up in the pew straight as a new pin, the big drops, (not *tear* drops, however,) following each other down my cheeks and neck at stated intervals, much as though a frozen squash was *thawing* on my head. After returning from church I took up my catechism, and when I thought mother's eyes were on me, my own were on the book; but when she was out of the room I amused my little brother Dick, by telling him in a whisper sufficiently loud to be heard over all the room, that

“In Adam's fall
We made stone-wall,
But ever *sense*
We've made brush-fence.”

And

“By Washington
Great deeds were done
When he did run
With his big gun
'Gainst the Hesshuns,” etc. etc.

But as mother did not hear me, my youthful conscience was perfectly at ease—considering, of course, that there was no wrong done when there was no knowledge, on her part, of any transgression.

At length, after many weary hours, *sun-down* was proclaimed through the house by my little sister Mary, who had been watching its approach, for an hour or more, from one of the garret windows. I then made noise enough to remunerate me for keeping half a score of Sabbaths. I mounted my Eclipse broomstick with a determination to run him on the course for the last time, previous to giving up the pleasures of the chase for the quiet comforts of *whittling*. And, indeed, it *was* the last time; for, in the last quarter of the third heat, in the exuberance of my spirits I reared up, and, my foot slipping, I came with such force on to my wayworn charger that I broke him down, and into two pieces besides; and, in addition, I got a severe thump on my cranium, which sent me weeping to bed, where I slept quietly until Monday morning. On that morning I was, of course, in very good spirits, and did not fail to give mother a gentle hint touching her part of the contract, by taking *particular pains* to have her *accidentally* discover that the handle to the clothes-pounder had come out, and by *carelessly* observing, in a very *emphatic* manner, that *if* I had a penknife, I would make a wedge and fasten in the pounder handle, etc.

However, that day and the following night were doomed to be hours of anxious suspense to me—hope and fear holding alternate sway in my excited breast. But words have not power to express the fulness of my joy when, after breakfast on Tuesday morning, father called me to him, and, taking a new knife from his pocket, placed me on his knee, after which he gave me several sections of good advice and kind admonitions, to which I listened with all the attention bestowed by a barn upon a whirlwind, so deeply was I engaged in scrutinizing the new object of my desire.

When father had finished his lecture, it was *school-time* ; so, after *greasing* the spring of my new knife, grasping it firmly in my right hand, and thrusting said hand into my pantaloons pocket, I started for school, anticipating a “glorious triumph” in exhibiting my newly-acquired property to my less fortunate playmates. But, just as I stepped on to the school-house green, the school-mistress *rattled the window* and called the children in ; and thus my thrilling hopes were prematurely blighted. Still firmly holding my knife in my pocket as I entered the school-house, I took my seat on the “*big bench*” where I usually sat, and

after the school operations had fairly commenced, I turned round to the desk with my back to the mistress and my book before me. I then took out my new knife for the purpose of examining it more particularly than I had hitherto done. It was of that kind commonly called *Barlow* knives, one half of the handle being of polished iron and the other half of bone ; the blade about four inches long, half an inch wide near the handle, and tapering to a point. Bill Williams, who sat next to me, soon got a glimpse at it, and we soon got *whispering* about it ; and the consequence was, we both got shut up in the *dungeon*, and were kept there until noon. Great was my joy during the *noon-spell* in exhibiting my new treasure ; and many were the congratulations which I received upon the pleasure of possessing it. In the afternoon, not profiting at all by my morning's experience, I took it out in school-time and tried its shaving powers by cutting the bench ; which the school-mistress happening to discover, she took it away from me, gave me a *feruling*, kept me half an hour after school was out ; then, after giving me a long lecture, and at the end of it my knife, she sent me home. There I had a fine opportunity to indulge my whittling propensities

during the whole evening ; but finding my knife rather dull, I stole into the dining-room and stole out of a drawer in the sideboard my father's razor-hone, which I took out under the wood-house and there gave my knife a grand rubbing. Unfortunately for me, however, the more I sharpened it the duller it grew, and the more it spoiled my father's hone ; for, on bringing this latter to the light, I found it was a good deal worn and very much scratched. Here was a new difficulty ; a good scolding, and perhaps a "*dressing*," for spoiling a nice razor-hone. However, I put it slyly back into the drawer and determined to say nothing about it, knowing that father would discover it the next time he shaved himself ; at which time I should endeavor—accidentally, of course—to be *absent*.

I next tried to sharpen my knife upon a scythe-stone ; but, as Dan O'Rourke would say, "the more I tried to give it an edge, the more it would 'not take one,'" until, finally, from desperate necessity, I came to the grievous conclusion that my knife was good for nothing. Consequent upon this conclusion, was a determination to get rid of it as soon as possible. But, alas ! here was only the beginning of my sorrows, as the sequel will show.

My first attempt was to *swop* it away ; but as none of the boys had such a knife as I wanted, this could not be done. I next called my younger brother Dick to me, and asked him if he did not want a *present* ? He, of course, answered in the affirmative. Thereupon, after showing him my knife, how well it was *sharpened up*, etc., and making him promise to carry my books to and from the school-house during the remainder of the summer, I made him a *present* of the knife. He was exceedingly delighted with this acquisition to his personal property, and immediately ran into the yard to find something to whittle. I looked through the window to watch his success. He first picked up a decayed mullen stalk, and attempted to cut off the end ; but, instead of *cutting* it off, the pressure of his knife *broke* it off close by his hand. He next picked up the end of an ox-goad, and tugged away at it, turning his head sidewise, and twisting his tongue and mouth into all manner of shapes, but *not a shaving could he raise* ! He then found a piece of pine shingle, which he succeeded in splitting lengthwise, but could neither *sharpen* nor *round* it. Just then, two of his playmates coming along with a ball, Dick put his knife into his pocket, and went to join them

in a game of "*one-old-cat*." I thought to myself, as I was almost bursting with laughter, "I was *very* fortunate in getting rid of *that* knife at any rate." On the following morning, father went to get his shaving apparatus, and, of course, discovered his ruined hone. However, as soon as I saw him start for the sideboard drawer, I started for the wood-house chamber, where I lay concealed until school-time. I went to school with the determination not to go home at noon, and supposed that by night the hone business would all be got along with. But my hopes were again doomed to disappointment; for when father came home in the evening, he asked me if I had "been using his hone?" Now, as I had been taught that, let consequences be what they might, I must never tell a *lie*; true to *such* instructions, I promptly answered—"Yes, sir." "For what purpose?" he inquired. "To sharpen my knife," I answered. "Well," said he, "as you are so fond of sharpening knives, go get the case-knife your mother lends you, and sharpen that." Accordingly, I got the case-knife, and he got the hone, and I went to *honeing*, and he went to reading the newspapers. Now, the case-knife was a good deal like my Barlow knife; the more you

sharpened it, the *duller* it grew. After rubbing it about half an hour, being somewhat tired, I took it to father, and told him "it would not come sharp." "Oh, well," said he, "you have not honed it long enough; it is a knife, and, of course, can be sharpened. Try it again." So at it I went once more; and, after rubbing it until my mouth was dry as a cotton-bag, and my arm almost exhausted, I took it again to father, and, with tears in my eyes, told him "it would *not be sharpened*." "Well, my son," said he, "when I questioned you about the hone, you promptly told me the truth; for this I commend you, and I have made you hone the case-knife as a punishment for spoiling my hone. Now the next time you want a razor-hone to sharpen a Barlow knife upon, you must ask for it." I made divers promises on the subject, and fully resolved, in my own mind, that I never would use his hone again without permission.

On the following Sunday morning I put on my best suit to attend church; and, after I had got down into the parlor, I unconsciously thrust my hand into my coat pocket, and great was my surprise when I drew from it my *Barlow knife*. "Dick," said I, "did you put *your* knife into my

pocket?" "That's not *my* knife," said Dick. "Don't you want it?" I asked. "No!" he answered. "Why not?" I inquired. "Because it will not *cut any*," rejoined Dick; "and I shall not carry your books this summer for *such* a knife as that," and thereupon he hopped out of the room. The next day, while up in the orchard, back of the school-house, I contrived to have it slip out of my pocket, and satisfied my conscience by telling myself that I had lost it. More than a week had I passed in the enjoyment of this quiet, pleasing consciousness of having lost my knife, when, one morning as I was going to school, Bill Williams ran up to me, saying, "Bob, here's your knife: I found it under the big sweet apple-tree." "Botheration take the knife," I thought, as I put it into my pocket. After school was out at night, I went up the road some distance from the school-house, to a *sand-pit*, from which the neighbors occasionally got a load of *scrubbing-sand*. Here I dug a hole as deep as I could, threw in my knife, buried it up, and went away, rejoicing in the belief that I should never see it again.

About two weeks after this, Peleg Bunce, my father's hired man, was sent, by mother, to get a load of scrubbing-sand; and when I came home

from school Peleg said to me, "Robert, here's your knife," at the same time reaching it to me. "My knife!" I exclaimed, in a manner and with feelings compounded of sanity and insanity. "*Divil* burn the knife," I whispered to myself, not wishing to speak a bad word distinctly. Peleg found it in the sand-pit; and he knew it was mine, for he once borrowed it of me to make a *bow-pin* for old *Brin*—but returned it, of course, without accomplishing his object. Once more I put it in my pocket, and began to reflect how I should ever get entirely rid of it. At last, a plan occurred to me, which I conceived to be faultless. There was a *pond* near my father's house, at the outlet of which stood a large blast furnace. I determined to *drown* my knife. Accordingly, lest its own weight should not be sufficient to keep it at the bottom, and to make "assurance doubly sure," I got from the barn a piece of halter with which I tied a pretty good sized stone to my knife, and threw it into the furnace-pond. And great was my joy to see it turn and turn around until it sank out of my sight. Soon as it had fairly disappeared, I fetched a heavy sigh of mingled joy and suspense—then turned home with a light and happy heart. Sweet was my rest that

night, and pleasant were my dreams. Week after week passed away, and my old knife likewise passed into oblivion.

One bright and beautiful morning in October, Id Russell Case and his two sons came down from the mountain on which they lived, to fish in the pond; and as they were notorious fishermen, they generally had quite a company of boys to watch their operations. As it was not yet school-time, Bill Williams and myself went to see them draw their seine. They took a good sweep into the pond with their boat, then came on shore and commenced hauling in. We were all anxiously watching for the fish, and nearly the whole of them had been emptied on the beach, when Bill Williams exclaimed, "Why, Bob, *there's your knife!*" And sure enough, on hauling in the last joint of the seine, what should be hanging to it but my knife with the string and stone attached to it! Perfectly astounded at this discovery, I could almost have prayed that the waters might rise and overwhelm seine, fishermen and all! However, the thing was easily explained; for the piece of halter which I used happened to have been made of *hemp*, and the *knife* not being as heavy as the string, while the stone lay on the

bottom, *that* was elevated some inches from it, and so the fishermen caught it.

Once more, with a heavy heart, I put that old knife in my pocket. A deep feeling of disappointment and melancholy took possession of my mind, and long and seriously did I ponder upon the best means of ridding myself of this tantalizing treasure. In vain had I endeavored to *give it away*—in vain, to lose it—in vain, to drown it. Light, at last, seemed to dawn through the gloom that had gathered upon me, and my resolution was soon taken. I repaired one evening to the furnace—went into the top-house, and there waited until they began to put in their hourly supply of coal and ore. I then thrust my knife into the box of ore which I thought the *filler* would put in first. I did not wish to throw it directly into the top myself, for this would seem like doing an evil deed, and such a one I did not wish to do. Strongly and quickly did my heart beat as I watched the baskets of coal disappear; and, finally, my whole frame shook with agitation when I saw the filler take the box of ore which contained my knife, and toss its contents into the furnace! A long-drawn sigh gave vent to the conflicting emotions which had agitated

my mind, and I turned homeward with a feeling of deep, almost overwhelming satisfaction and delight, that my eyes had certainly beheld, for the last time, my old **BARLOW KNIFE** !

GERTRUDE.

BY MISS A. D. WOODBRIDGE,
STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.

LIST to the passers by!

They're hastening on, the young, the beautiful,
To scenes of pleasure. To the thronged *soirée*,
The brilliant party, or the festive dance,
The crowded theatre, or op'ra sweet.
In each will wand'ring glances oft be turned
In search of her, the gifted, lovely, young,
And far-famed Gertrude.—She's at home to-night.

Look! who'd not be "a glove upon that hand,"*
On which her brow reposes? Th' other rests
Upon the page she's reading. Ah! that sheet
Was filled, no doubt, by one she fondly loves;
For, see! it meets her lip.—She rises now!
Grace! thou'rt a name for her! She moves not like
A being of the earth. We almost feel
'Tis sacrilege to gaze upon that face

* "Oh! that I were a glove upon that hand!"

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Where thought, emotion, beauty, love, all strive
For the expression.

Hark ! she touches now
The strings of her guitar, and wakes that voice,
Whose tones thrill o'er the spirit :—

“He’s away ! he’s away ! he’s away !
Yet I know he is constant and true,
Still my path is illumed by love’s ray,
Which though absent, brings him to my view.
Yet ’tis darkness, compared with the beam
Which his presence flings over me still ;
When with Ernest, why should I not deem
That the world contains nothing of ill ?

“He’s away ! he’s away ! he’s away !
Yet his voice will soon fall on mine ear.
Its tones will tempt bliss here to stay,
And e’en happiness linger to hear.
When with Ernest, why should I not lose
All thoughts of the world and its hum ?
And his smile above fame ever choose ?
He will come ! he will come ! he will come !”

Her song is done !
Footsteps approach.—She starts ! the door is oped.
It must be—’tis her lover !—But enough.

SODUS BAY.

CALM in thy pure and summer beauty yet,
 As when of old my childhood's glances met
 This bright expanse, fair bay ! I see thee still—
 The laughing ripple's curl, the wood-crowned hill,
 The deep green shore rising in graceful sweep,
 The wide smooth waters in their sun-bright sleep,
 Scorning the change wrought by each passing
 year,

In loveliness unfading, still are here.

Lovely thou art, sweet bay !—when first the
 beam

Of morning glances on the silvery stream
 Which seeks thy bosom—when the south winds
 break

Thy water's glassy slumber, and awake
 A thousand sparkling eddies—when the sky
 At noon gleams blue and distant from on high—
 When winds are hushed in peace, the flagging
 sail

Wooing in vain from Heaven the wished-for gale—

Or at bright eve, when the rich sunset's pride
Has gemmed with shining gold their glancing
tide—

No fairer spot, I ween, the radiant sun
In his broad path of light has looked upon ;
And the pale moon in all her midnight round
No place of holier loveliness has found.
Nature is here in wildness. Yonder isles,
Upon whose wooded verge the sunlight smiles
To meet the glittering wave, know scarce a
tread,

Save of the lonely huntsman. Yet 'tis said,
One hero on their shore has found a grave.
He died in fight the death that fits the brave,
And sleeps unheeded there:—the mound which
swells

So greenly near, his place of burial tells.

Peaceful thou art—the tempests wild that
sweep

The lake, are powerless to disturb thy sleep.
Thou hear'st the voices of thy parent main,
Speaking in thunders ;—but their warning strain
Wakes no stern echo here—in safety still
The fisherman may guide his bark at will,
And smile to hear the billows' angry roar,
Chafing in rage upon the neighboring shore.

Farewell! I found, and leave thee, calm and
bright,
And changeless still!—and thus, when starless
night
Has closed on eyes which loved to look on thee,
Wilt thou smile on—then, too, as quietly
Yon towering banks will look into thy face
On their unbroken shade. Thou in the embrace
Of this wide shore as sweetly shalt repose—
As brightly gleam at evening's fervid close.
Thou hast no part in fleeting years that tell
Of human ills! My native shore—farewell!

E. F. E.

MARY WALLACE.

A JUVENILE STORY.

"Now for a story!" said Henry Jackson, as he put the last piece to a dissected map, which lay on the table before him; "Grandmother, do you remember you promised to give us one of your best to-night, if I could put this new map together; and see, here it is, every bit in its place—all right!"

"Not quite so fast," said George Gray, an intelligent youth of fourteen, who, with his sister Ann, was spending Christmas-week with his cousins in town; "not quite so fast, Henry; see, here is a part of the Hudson spliced on to the Connecticut; and New York and New Haven have fairly changed places!"

"What of that!" returned Henry, biting his lips with vexation, as he saw his mistake; "I don't care for that!"

"Never say you *don't care*," said the grandmother, laying her book and spectacles, at once,



Engraved by Cha^s Phillips, New York, after a Picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

Simplicity.

aside, "never allow yourself to say, I don't care ; for, besides being generally a falsehood, it always shows a bad disposition ; and no good ever came of it."

"But George needn't feel so smart because he's a little quicker and more forward than I am," replied the boy. "I guess, if I lived out of town, I could learn to put dissected maps together, too ; why he's nothing to do, from morning till night, but to study out puzzles !"

"I think," said Ann, with true womanly spirit taking the aggrieved side, "I think our George *ought* to know something about it, for he was a whole evening, only last week, putting together the dissected picture uncle William gave me ; and I am sure it plagued him just twice as much as this map has you, cousin Henry ; but I do not think he meant to be unkind to you, either ; and I don't know why he should, you are always so kind to us : and I'm sure you're full as forward, and quick to learn any thing as he is ; and you know you are about my age, almost two years younger than George."

"You are a good girl, cousin Ann—and I love you," said Henry, wiping the tears from his brightening eyes ; "you always have such a way

to put one in good humor, and reconcile every thing. Now, George, give me your hand ; I will acknowledge I was wrong in getting vexed with you, and speaking as I did, especially now you are visiting me ; and I ought to do every thing to make your time pass pleasantly. I was wrong, too, in saying I did not care ; for I *did* care. Grandmother, I hope *you* will forgive me ?”

“ With all my heart, my child,” said the good woman, folding her arms round the affectionate boy ; “ God grant you may always be as ready to acknowledge your faults !”

“ And now brother is sorry for doing wrong, and has made it all up with cousin George, you *will* tell us a story, won’t you, dear grandmother ?” said Helen, a child of seven years, who was leaning over the arm of Mrs. Gray’s chair.

“ And do tell one pitty long,” said little Mary, a lisping infant of three years, laying her curly head in her grandmother’s lap.

“ Now that peace is restored, my children,” said Mrs. Gray, looking fondly upon each one of the little flock that gathered round her, “ I will tell you a story of one from whom we are all descended.”

“ Was her name Gray ?” asked Ann, eagerly.

"Not at the period to which our story refers ; though afterwards it became so."

"We are in haste for you to begin," said Henry, hurrying books, maps, and pictures, without any order, into a table drawer.

"Don't be impatient, child—old folks never like to be hurried," said Mrs. Gray ; "and I've a good will not to tell you any story at all, just for huddling up your things in such a slovenly manner."

"Forgive poor Henry once again," said the good-natured Ann, "and I will put them all nice ;" and she took the things all out of the drawer, and placed the books neatly in the book-case, and laid the maps and pictures into a portfolio ; and when she had done she said, "Now, grandmother, are you not ready ?"

"Not quite yet," said Mrs. Gray, with an affectionate smile ; "you, my dear Ann, are such a neat little girl, I'm sure you will be willing to wait till Sally has swept the hearth and replenished the fire."

"Replenished is among my definitions," said little Helen ; "but I didn't know that it had any thing to do with making a fire."

"Making a fire !" repeated George ; "didn't I

tell you only yesterday, that we cannot *make* fire, but only kindle it?"

"Yes, you did tell me so, to be sure; but I didn't believe you. I guess if you had been here the other night when the Universalist Chapel was burnt, you would think somebody could make a fire—and a pretty large one, too."

"Can you tell me the meaning of the word replenish?" asked Mrs. Gray.

"Why, replenish means—it means—to fill up, I believe; but I don't see as that has anything to do with fire, after all."

"Why if we add wood to the fire, and so fill up, or nearly fill up, the fireplace, may it not be called replenishing? You commence the critic early, child," said the grandmother; but she was far from being angry with little Helen for her remarks; "for it is right and proper for children to inquire, and understand, and learn all they can."

"But, grandmother," said George, "I have placed your chair in the warmest corner—the fire *is* replenished, if Miss Helen will allow me to say so—the hearth is swept—Sally has got her knitting, and is going to sit down with us—and we are all ready, and impatient to hear you."

"I wish father and mother would be out at a

party every night," said little Helen, as the circle of happy and inquisitive children took their respective seats, and drew around Mrs. Gray ; " for you, dear grandmother, always sit with us when they are out ; and so do brother, and cousin Ann, and George—and we have such happy times !"

The good lady drew the youngest child to her arms ; and, taking the hand of Helen, who had drawn her little chair very close to her grandmother, thus began :

" It was a cold night in December, 1664. The winter wind was howling among the bare forest-rees, and whistling through the heavy and open casements of a few small houses, which stood in the midst of the wilderness, upon a spot then mostly known as the Plantations. It was Sabbath evening. The family belonging to one of the most comfortable looking houses rose up slowly from their usual evening devotions, and drew round a large and blazing fire. The snow and hail beat furiously against the one window of the room, and for some minutes no one spoke : and then they heard a low groan as of one in the agonies of death ; and this was followed by a faint screech and a moan of distress.

“‘The Indians! the Indians!’ cried a boy about six years old, and he hid his little head in his mother’s lap.

“‘Nobody shall hurt my boy!’ said the father, patting his head, ‘nobody shall harm thee, child;’ and he rose up, and putting on a broad-brimmed hat turned up at the sides, and taking an iron-headed cane, he began to unfasten the door.

“‘Thou wilt not, Simon Gray,’ said the wife, laying a hand on his arm, ‘thou wilt not open our dwelling to the enemy?’

“‘Thy fears are natural, Rebecca,’ said the husband, turning with momentary hesitation, ‘for verily, hath the cunning enemy been as a snake in the grass to the Lord’s people.’

“‘Look forth from the window, first, then,’ said the wife; ‘hast thou lived so long in the wilderness and not learned that the wicked one is full of snares?’ But a succession of low groans, apparently near the house, overcame his fears; and hastily unfastening and throwing open the narrow door, he said, ‘Farewell, Rebecca—the arm of the Lord is forever with his children!’

“‘Forsake me not, Simon,’ said Mrs. Gray, lifting the little boy to her arms, ‘I will go with thee;’ but he had already passed the threshold

and thrown open the gate that led from the little enclosure around their dwelling. He paused; listened again; and passed into the street. The cries were repeated, but not so loud or so frequently as they had been. He paused again and looked around, but still saw nothing but the thick falling snow, which beat so heavily as to obscure almost everything; besides, it was very dark.

"Who was it, grandmother?" whispered Helen, "who was it?"

"Hush, sister!" said Henry, "she was just going to tell."

"Again," resumed Mrs. Gray, "again he heard the same low cry; and just as his wife came up, he stumbled upon a human figure crouched at the foot of a very large snow-bank. It proved to be an Indian woman, almost perished with cold and hunger.

" 'The Lord be praised! and bless thee, Simon Gray!' said Rebecca, as she assisted her husband to lift the poor creature from the earth; 'the Lord be magnified!'

" 'Leave Namoina, take de baby!' said the poor creature in broken English, and she pointed to a dark heap at a little distance; but at the instant William had reached the spot, and, as

his mother came up, he uncovered the face of a sleeping infant. The little creature was wrapped in a thick covering of blankets, and was sleeping as peacefully amid the snow as if it was lying in its own mother's bosom.

"Rebecca knelt beside the little one, and blessed God that she had been the instrument of saving its life. The falling snow, and the cold wind blowing upon the child's face, awoke it; and as it opened its eyes it looked up in the face of Rebecca, who was kneeling beside it with a lantern in her hand, and smiled, and lifted up its little arms.

" 'The Lord has sent thee to me,' said Mrs. Gray, while her heart was filled with tenderness. 'The Lord has sent thee to me, to lie in my bosom and be unto me instead of my own little buried Rebecca!'

"The good man and his wife were not long in removing the poor Indian woman and the child to the house, and, for some time, the poor creature did not appear to know what was passing around her; but after having taken some hot drink she seemed to revive, and cried out, 'Me baby! me flower!' and she looked wildly round for the child. Mrs. Gray laid it on the mat beside her,

and the little one sat up and twisted its little fingers in her wet black hair, and then nestled close to the Indian woman's bosom till she slept. Mrs. Gray then carefully removed the child, and fed it with some warm milk. The poor little thing, as if conscious of her kindness, looked up in her face and softly repeated, 'Mamma—mamma.' The imperfect words went to the heart of Rebecca; and she again resolved that, as the Lord had cast the little stranger upon her protection, she would be unto it a mother.

"Mr. and Mrs. Gray hoped to learn something of the child when the Indian woman should be restored, but they were disappointed; for she arose at the dawn of day, and stealing softly to the bedside of Mrs. Gray, and taking the child from beside its new mother, she appeared about to carry it away; but Mrs. Gray, as she awoke, observing her, cried out, 'Give me back the babe! give her to me!'

"The Indian woman fixed her piercing black eyes upon the face of Rebecca for several minutes, then closing them, she appeared to be reasoning with herself; for, upon lifting them again, she said, solemnly, 'The God of the white man calleth for his child. The rose cannot bloom in

the desert. The lily springeth not in the wilderness.'

"Thus saying, she chanted a kind of prayer in the Indian tongue, and folding the babe an instant to her bosom, she replaced it beside Mrs. Gray; and before any one could speak or prevent her, she had thrown open the door and passed swiftly from the cottage.

" 'Rise, Simon Gray!' said the kind-hearted Rebecca, 'rise and follow the poor creature, and persuade her to stay till the storm is past, and offer her food.' But though the good man made all possible haste in dressing, the woman had reached the summit of a high hill which lay toward the Bay colony ere he got into the street; and soon she was lost in the distance and the thick falling snow, which was still beating down with great violence."

"Did she freeze to death, grandmother?" asked Helen.

"Did she never return?" inquired Henry.

"You'll both get answered when grandmother has finished her story," said George Gray, with a shrewd look to his cousins.

"Yes, all in good time, children," said Mrs. Gray, as she resumed. "They could not possibly

find out how the Indian woman came by the child, or, for certainty, who she was ; yet by her calling herself Namoina, they supposed she must be a woman who was called by her tribe cunning, and revered as a prophetess, though the white people knew that the poor creature was at times crazy ; for she had seen her husband and child bleed, both in one day ; the first fell and died while defending his home ; the other was inhumanly murdered by wretches who deserved not the name of men ! And so poor Namoina, or, as the white people called her, Rachel, went crazy.

“ Mrs. Gray found, by a medal that hung round the infant’s neck, that her name was Mary Wallace ; and Mary Wallace she was called. She appeared to be about a year old. She was a fine, healthy child, and soon grew nicely, and Mr. and Mrs. Gray were very fond of her ; and William called her his little sister, and taught her to walk, and gave her more than half of all the nice things he had—(they did not have sugar-plums and candy then, but children were better off without them, and a great deal more healthy)—and he would tell her pretty stories, and drag her in his little wagon ; and he loved her dearly. She was a sweet-tempered and lovely child, and

very seldom did any thing to displease her parents; and when she did she would grieve very much, and she never could be happy till she was forgiven. When she was twelve years old, there was not a fairer or lovelier child in the whole Providence Plantations, than Mary Wallace. Her eyes were bright and blue; her long, light brown hair fell in beautiful curls upon her shoulders, and her voice had such a sweet and happy tone, and her countenance such an amiable expression, that the young loved her without envy, and the old never passed her without a blessing. The lark did not rise earlier than Mary Wallace. The first thing in the morning she would be seen with a basket on her arm, tripping lightly over the grass, with her little white feet scattering the dew, and singing sweetly and merrily as the birds themselves. No one in the Plantations had not felt her kindness; she always had an arm for the aged—some little delicacy for the sick—tears for the suffering—songs and smiles for the happy—and bread, and beer, and pity, even for the poor Indian. In short, the good people of the Plantations believed, that, by a special mercy of Divine Providence, she had been sent among them. She was of great assistance to her parents.

They believed that they could not do without her. In the spring she helped plant the corn and beans—weeded the vegetable beds in the garden—and, through all the warm season, she drove home the cows at night—fed the sheep and pigs—and took care of the hens, ducks, geese, and their little ones. In the summer she gathered berries and laid in herbs for winter. In autumn she helped harvest the corn—gathered the dry beans and peas, and did a great many other useful things; and in the winter she sat, for the most part, by the fireside, knitting stockings for the family, and mending her own and William's clothes—or she read the Bible, of a long Sabbath evening, to her father and mother: she was never idle.

“ Mary never knew, till she was ten years old, but that she was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gray. At this time her mother thought best to inform her how she had been brought to them. She was grieved, at first, and cried very hard; but she could not comprehend how it was possible that they who had watched her—nursed her—loved and supported her from earliest infancy, should not be her own father, and mother, and brother; and, instead of indulging childish curi-

osity respecting her real parents, she treated the whole as an unpleasant story, and strove to forget it; and, with her sweet, happy disposition, she was not long in doing this; and very soon she smiled as sweetly—and sang as merrily—and danced as gaily over the meadows, as she had done before. About this time a distressing war broke out, called ‘King Philip’s War;’ and the times were more distressing than you, my dear children, can well imagine. There is no correct history of those times; but the most considerable account you will find in Captain ‘Church’s History of Philip’s War.’ The Indians, when they took any of the white people prisoners, treated them very cruelly; and, sometimes, put them to death with great torture.”

“I’ve read all about that, and I don’t blame the Indians at all!” said George Gray, starting to his feet with much earnestness, while his eyes almost flashed fire; “what right had the white people to come here and cheat them—and rob them of their lands—and drive them from their houses? Philip was a noble fellow! If I had lived then I would have been on his side—at any rate—I *would!*!”

“And, brother,” said Ann, catching some of his warmth, “don’t you remember what our last fourth of July orator said of Philip?”

“Yes,” returned George, quickly, “these were his very words: ‘Philip, the hero of Mount Hope, though a savage, was a man—and a *noble man*—and had he lived in other times and other circumstances, he might have been a Cæsar—an Alexander—a Napoleon:—and what is saying more, and the most that can be said of any man—a Washington!’” and the boy walked the room quickly, while his burning cheek and flashing eye told that his spirit was getting too strong for his young bosom.

“We will not dispute now whether the English or the Indians were right or wrong,” said the prudent grandmother. “Doubtless they were both to blame. Well, when Mary Wallace was about ten years old, and her brother fifteen, Mr. Gray and William went to join the forces of Captain Church. Mary it was who buckled on their knapsacks and pinned their collars on the morning of their first departure. She would not have cried a single tear if she could have avoided it, because her mother was so much distressed; but it was such a dreadful thing to see them going away,

and to think they might never return, that poor Mary sobbed and wept as if her heart was breaking; and when they said 'farewell, Mary!' her heart was so full she could not speak; and when they stepped from the threshold, poor Mary hid her face in her mother's lap, because she could not bear to see them go. But after she had wept a while, Mrs. Gray wiped away her tears and got the Bible and bade her read; and they were comforted.

"Every morning and evening Mary Wallace knelt by her little bed-side and prayed to God for the safe return of her father and brother. They came home occasionally, but for the space of two years they were gone most of the time. They met, however, with no serious accident; and Mary and her mother had much reason to be thankful.

"One pleasant day during the second summer of the war, Mary had taken her little basket, and calling Hunter, a large dog, she went to gather berries; but, not finding the fruit plenty, she wandered farther into the woods than she should have done at that dangerous time. She was very busy picking some nice large berries, which she had found in great abundance, when, pre-

sently, she thought she heard a groan; and, without waiting to think there might be danger, she swung her basket on her arm and skipped through the bushes, followed by Hunter. Very soon she saw a large Indian seated upon a flat rock and leaning against a tree behind him, with a tomahawk and a bundle of arrows laid at his side. Almost any little girl would have been frightened, and have run away crying; and, indeed, Mary Wallace herself felt that it might be wrong to approach him when she thought of her poor, lone mother; and she was just going to turn back and run home with all her might, when she saw that the poor man was pale and faint, and could not sit upright but for the tree against which he leaned. But what, in reality, could Mary have to fear? She was known to most of the tribes around, very few of whom had not, at some time or other, felt her kindness. Her little room was decorated with numerous tokens of Indian gratitude, in the shape of wampum belts and baskets, curious shells and stones, and many other things; and the Indians called her 'the child of Sunshine'—'the Flower'—'the Lily,' and many other endearing names; but mostly, 'the Bird of Peace.' Instead of run-

ning away, as she had at first thought to do, Mary drew near the Indian and saw that he was asleep, or had fainted from loss of blood, which was flowing fast from a large wound in his leg. The sight of blood naturally made Mary feel sick and dizzy; but, without hesitation, she took a little shawl from her neck and bound it round the limb. The dog, as soon as he smelt the blood, began to bark furiously; and this, together with the pain caused by binding the wound, aroused the Indian, who, thinking, probably, that the enemy had fallen upon him, clenched his tomahawk and uttered a fearful cry. Mary trembled an instant, as if she already felt the blow; but she saw that he was still very faint; and, taking courage, she caught his arm and said, in the Indian tongue, 'Fear not, father, it is Mary!' and as he looked upon her, she pointed to the limb which she had nearly bandaged. He appeared very grateful when he saw what she had done, but he was too weak and faint to say much; and he only whispered, as he placed his hand on the child's head, 'Welcome, daughter of Heaven!'

"Little Mary then ran home as fast as she could, and told her mother about the poor wounded man. and asked her for some food; and her mother

gave her some new milk, and some beer, and bread. Mrs. Gray went out with her and carried a blanket to cover him; and she bound up the wound better than Mary could, putting on some healing balsam. They persuaded him to partake of the food; and, afterward, assisted him to a shelter under a rock, where they left him quite comfortable.

“The next day Mary asked permission to go and carry food to the sick Indian; and, calling Hunter, she took the basket her mother gave her, and went to the woods. When she arrived at the rock she found that the sick man had risen and was seated on the top of the rock; and by his side an Indian woman, who was caressing him with much affection. Little Mary had come quite near before they saw her; for she stepped very lightly; but as soon as the old man did perceive her, he said in English, ‘Behold the Bird of Peace!’ As he spoke the woman looked earnestly at Mary for several minutes, and then she cried out, ‘My lily! my blossom! my babee!’ and, springing from the rock, she caught the child in her arms and almost suffocated her with tears and caresses.

“Little Mary alarmed and strangely agitated,

whispered, 'Let me go home to my mother—do let me go home!'

"'Thy mother!' repeated the woman, 'thy own mother is gone across the wide waters, far to the rising sun—and thy father,' she pointed up to heaven, 'it is twice five summers since thy father went to the hunting grounds of the pale-face—he died—he was murdered; and so was my own little blossom—my own babe!' Her voice was choked—she could not speak any more—her eyes grew burning and wild—her features quivered, and she shook so fearfully that Mary was frightened, and tried to get from her arms.

"'Namoina,' said the old man, 'the daughter of Anawon must not be a coward.'

"This appeal had the desired effect—she dashed the few burning tears from her eyelids, and bending a moment before her father, she rose up again with a calm brow, that told not of the struggle in her heart; and, taking Mary again in her arms, she kissed her, and said a great many tender and affectionate things to her.

"'Shall I never see my mother?' asked the child, mournfully; 'has she forgotten me?'

"'Forget thee, my flower! Does the mother

ever forget the child that has fed from her bosom !' Again she was terribly distressed. After a few minutes she held the child up toward heaven and said, 'The Great Spirit of thy fathers keep thee—and bless thee !' then setting her down again, she resumed her former seat on the rock and began picking up the pebbles around her and counting them ; but no entreaty or endearment could draw a single word or look from her.

"Mary saw Anawon partake of some of the food she had brought him, and, leaving the remainder, she took her basket and returned home for the first time in her life really unhappy ; and for the first time in her life she did not open her whole heart to her mother. Mrs. Gray, however, observed that her cheek was flushed, and thought she must have taken cold ; and when it was about sunset she persuaded her to go to bed. Mary was glad to be where no one could notice or disturb her feelings ; so, kissing her good mother, she went to her room, and knelt down by her little bed and said her evening prayers. Very soon she heard voices ; and then she knew that her father and brother had come ; and just as she was going to rise from her bed and dress, for the purpose of seeing them, she heard

William say that they had got on the track of old Anawon,* and that he believed he was not far hence, probably out toward Seekonk; and that they had better take whatever nourishment could be had and be after him directly. Mrs. Gray said nothing of the wounded Indian in the woods; and when William said he must go in and give his sister one kiss, she said, 'Do not go to-night, my son, for the child has a bad cold and I am really afraid she will take the fever; and if she knows you are come she will not sleep another wink to-night for joy.'

"At any other time, indeed, Mary would have been overjoyed to see them—but now she was thinking only of the poor Indian, and that he might be killed; and, in her distress, she could not help thinking that men were very cruel and very wicked to wish to murder each other. After bearing her anxiety of mind as long as she could, she resolved to go herself, if she could steal from the house unperceived, and warn the Indian of his danger.

"'That was right!' exclaimed both the boys at once.

* Anawon was a mighty chief under King Philip; and was one of the bravest and most sagacious warriors among all the tribes.

"That was right!" echoed Ann.

"I wish I could have seen that girl!" said George Gray.

"I think we have some good girls among us," said Henry Jackson, with a kind look at his cousin Ann.

"True," said the grandmother, who noticed and applauded that look, "very true; though few persons may be so situated as to perform *brilliant* actions, yet *all* may have opportunity to do many *good* ones. We cannot tell what *might be done* by what *is done*; but we must believe that a truly generous and virtuous heart will act nobly in *all* situations.

"But to return to Mary. She rose and dressed herself very quickly; and wrapping a little blanket about her, she fell on her knees a moment, and prayed God to keep her from all harm, and to forgive her for leaving the house without her parents' knowledge; for Mary was a very obedient and faithful child; and this was the first time she had ever done any important thing without the consent and approbation of her parents. She opened a door which led from her little room into a narrow entry, and passed, without observation, into the open air. The moon was nearly at

the full. Heavy and rich masses of clouds were continually floating over its surface, and, sometimes, almost obscuring its light; but then they would pass away, and the moon would shine out brighter than before; and the waters of the river flashed like diamonds; and all the leaves of the wilderness, as they waved in the stirring wind, shone as if they had been dipped in molten silver. Mary clapped her little hands and forgot to be afraid, for her spirit was worshipping that God who maketh night so very glorious.

“And now let me tell you, my children, a good child never need be afraid in the darkness more than in the open day; for, as the Scriptures say, ‘He knoweth all the lambs of his fold;’ and again, ‘A sparrow falleth not to the ground without his knowledge.’

“The way was familiar to Mary, and soon she came to the rock where she had left Anawon. When her steps were heard, the old chief started to his feet and uttered a low cry, and, directly, several Indians stood by his side. Mary was not afraid, even then; for though the Indians were the enemies of her nation and her kindred, they were not her enemies—they were her friends: for there was hardly one among them

who had not, at some time or other, felt the kindness of the sweet child. So she walked directly into the midst, fearless of the tomahawks that were lifted at her approach, and holding up her little hand to Anawon, said, in her low, sweet voice, ‘Father—fly—thy enemy is at hand!’

“The old Indian seemed, at first, almost choked with emotion; for he well knew that his enemies were the friends of Mary; and laying his hand on the child’s head as she bent before him, he only said, ‘The God of the white man and the Great Spirit of the Indian be with thee!’ and his followers, who, from the moment she was known, had fallen back from the centre of the rock, as they leaned upon their bows and looked upon the child, repeated, at once, a word in the Indian tongue, which was as much as to say, ‘Amen.’

“Then Anawon unbound a wampum bracelet from his arm, and giving it to Mary, said, ‘Daughter! in the hour of sorrow bring this to Anawon; and ask what thou wilt, and it shall not be denied thee!’

“Then Namoina (whom we will henceforth call Rachel) took the child in her arms and kissed her, and wrapped her little blanket about her;

and Mary ran swiftly toward home. She reached her room in safety, and soon she fell asleep, for she was very tired. Soon after this Mrs. Gray came into the room, and saw that Mary was asleep, and that her pillow was wet with tears ; she could not think what had caused them, for she had never known Mary to be very unhappy. Just at this moment William came in on tiptoe ; and, as he bent down to kiss his sister's cheek, he saw the bracelet, which had fallen to the floor, and examining it by the light of the moon, he thought he had seen it before ; and taking it to his father, Mr. Gray said that he remembered it very well, for he had seen it on the arm of Anawon.

“ ‘I will wake Mary instantly,’ said William, ‘and perhaps she can tell us where he is ; and we will have the cunning old savage before morning !’

“ ‘Thou art much too hasty,’ said Mr. Gray, laying a hand on his son's arm ; ‘this token was given to thy sister in peace and love. Thou knowest boy,’ he continued, with difficulty restraining his son, ‘thou knowest the child's heart would be broken, if she were obliged, in any way, to be made an instrument of evil. Alas !’ he

added, giving way to the natural tenderness of his heart, 'alas! that we are compelled, by cruel necessity, to slay, ay, murder each other!' and Simon Gray folded his dark, bony hands upon his breast and was silent.

"Observing the boy still unsatisfied, he said, 'Go to thy rest, my son; the Lord in his own good time will do the work. At all events, if I can prevent it, blood shall never fall upon the head of Mary.'

"The next morning by dawn of day, father and son departed. Mary was not awake, for she had been so tired that she slept very soundly; and William was just allowed to kiss her cheek *very* softly, and deposite by her side some little baskets of willow; and he then embraced his weeping mother and hastened to join his father, who already stood by the gate waiting for him.

"When Mary awoke, she was so much disappointed because they were gone, that she could hardly keep from crying; but she saw that her mother was striving to be cheerful, so she wiped the few tears that fell upon her cheek, and folding her arms round her neck, she whispered softly, 'Let us pray to God, mother, and he will comfort us.' And they both knelt down and prayed,

and when they rose up they were quite calm ; for God never withholds a blessing from those who seek in humility of soul, and never withdraws his countenance from those who trust in him. And now, my children, I beg you to remember, whatever may be your trials and distresses, always to put your trust in God, and nothing will have power to harm you ; but do not think, my children, that you must wait till distresses *come*—seek the love of God in the day of joy—and in the hour of sorrow he will not be far off.

“ But to return to my story. Two months had passed away and Mr. Gray and William had not returned, though Mrs. Gray had heard from them occasionally.

“ It was a bright afternoon in September, and Mary had taken her knitting-work and was sitting beside her mother’s arm-chair at the door of their cottage ; but she could not work, for her eyes were continually wandering off in the direction of the Seekonk road ; and, at every waving of the trees, or the least unusual sound, she would start from her seat, and say, ‘ They are coming ! ’ and then run to make some addition, or alteration, to the furniture of a small round table, white as snow which was spread with bowls and spoons, brown

bread and baked apples, and a pan of new milk ; and then, returning to the door, she would expect to find them near ; but when she looked in every direction, she saw only the few quiet looking houses of the Plantation—the wide and almost unbroken forest, and the broad road before her—but no father or brother. She had repeated this act several times, and at each successive one she was more sure that they WERE coming ; until, at last, the continued disappointment was more than she could bear ; and, clinging round her mother's neck, she burst into tears.

“Mr. Gray and William had sent word, by some men belonging to the town, that they should be at home the night before, and they had not come. Might not some terrible accident have happened ?

“Mrs. Gray had been sitting silently, with her arms folded upon her breast, struggling within herself to bear the approaching trial as became a Christian ; for she knew better than Mary did how full of disappointment life is, and she knew also that the times were peculiarly uncertain and hazardous. She had appeared calm, notwithstanding, for she did not wish to check the fond anticipations of Mary ; but when she saw that

even she could not hope any longer—when she felt the sweet child weeping upon her breast, for an instant her calmness forsook her, and she wept with Mary.

“ ‘Do *you* believe, mother, they will not come?’ sobbed the child; ‘do *you* believe they will not come to-night?’ And shaking away the curls from her face, and a flood of tears with them, she looked upon her mother as if she would read her thoughts before she spoke.

“ ‘They will come, my child,’ said Mrs. Gray, speaking with much difficulty; ‘they will come when it is God’s pleasure;’ and putting the child from her arms, she went to her room and shut herself in, for her distress was so great that she could not bear to have Mary see it.

“ The child, being left to herself, wept without restraint; but still she did not actually believe that her father and brother would not come very soon, and she dried her tears and thought she would run out a little way on the Seekonk road, and perhaps she might meet them. When she had got a little way from the house she saw a person approaching, and she hastened along, hoping to hear something of her father and brother; and when she got near she saw it was

Rachel. Mary was very glad, for she had not seen Rachel for a long time, and she knew the Indian woman was a good friend to her, so she ran toward her and put her little arms around her; but her heart was so full she could not speak. Rachel did not know her at first; but when she saw that it was Mary, she held her in her arms, repeating, all the while, some words in the Indian tongue, which Mary knew were a kind of thanksgiving to the Great Spirit.

“‘Child, I was seeking thee!’ she said, at last, in imperfect English; ‘I have bad news—thy brother is fallen among his enemies!’”

“‘Will not my brother come home?’ said the child, bursting into tears; ‘will he never come home? Is he dead?’”

“‘He is yet alive,’ replied Rachel, ‘but his hours are counted. This night he is to die!’”

“‘Where is he? Let me go to him!’ said the child.

“‘It was for that very purpose I came to thee. For thy sake he may yet live—he is in the hands of Anawon.’”

“‘O, let us go this instant! Let us run! Let us fly!’ said Mary, seizing the hand of Rachel;

and she ran forward a few steps—then, stopping short, she said, ‘I must run back and tell mother; I cannot go without telling her!’

“‘Thou must not go back,’ said Rachel; ‘let her not know his danger till it is over—if thy brother lives, we will return with the earliest light; if he dies, it will be soon enough to break her heart—as mine is broken,’ she added, beating her breast, while her eyes shone like fire.

“‘I cannot go,’ sobbed Mary, ‘I cannot go without telling mother.’”

“‘Then thy brother will die!’ said Rachel; ‘then he will die—they are singing the death-song! The fire is kindling now!’

“‘O let us go then!’ said the child, with a piercing cry, ‘let us hurry! let us go!’

“‘The pledge of Anawon, is it about thee, child?’ asked Rachel; and Mary drew from her pocket the bracelet of the chief; and they went on.

“Their way lay directly through the woods. Mary’s poor, little, bare feet, were dreadfully scratched with the briars; and she was so tired with running, and hurrying, and crying, that sometimes Rachel was obliged to take her up and carry her. At length it grew very dark; and, at

first, Mary could hardly tell where to step; but when she got used to it she did not mind it at all—for she was not thinking of herself, but of her father, and mother, and brother.

“After they had gone several miles they saw a light at a great distance: and, when they came near, they saw it was a large fire—and when they got still nearer, they saw a great many Indians, with painted faces and tomahawks in their hands, dancing about it, singing, and shouting, and uttering terrible cries.

“One of the Indians, who was stationed to keep watch, saw little Mary and her guide; and as soon as he knew Rachel he shouted ‘Namoina!’ And all immediately rested their tomahawks on the ground, and, ceasing to sing and dance, they awaited her approach with all the respect due to the daughter of so mighty a chief as Anawon.

“Mary Wallace saw but one thing. As the ring opened she beheld her brother standing in the midst, beside a large pile of light fuel, which was all ready to be kindled; his hands were bound behind him and his head was bent down. Mary gave one spring, and, fearing not the terrible looking men around her, she bounded to the side of William; and clinging round his neck,

she sobbed as if her little heart was breaking. William was pale as death when he saw Mary. A few hot tears fell on his cheek ; but he spoke not ; he bowed his head upon her neck awhile—and then his heart was melted—and he sobbed aloud. This relieved him, and he whispered, ‘ Sister, wipe my tears away and leave me—thou must not see me die.’

“ ‘ Thou wilt not die ! Thou shalt not !’ said Mary, wringing her hands ; and, losing all fear, but that of her brother’s death, she ran wildly from one to another crying out, ‘ Will my brother die ? must William die ?’

“ Anawon, who sat apart on a rock higher than those around, saw and heard the tumult ; but he knew not its cause ; and, in a deep and somewhat angry tone of voice, he gave orders for the noise to be hushed, and the awful ceremonies of death to be resumed. In an instant the place was still—and then a low murmur ran among the crowd, ‘ The Child of Sunrise !’—‘ The Bird of Peace !’—‘ The Red Man’s Friend !’ and such was the strong love Mary had excited among the Indians, that, for a moment, not a hand was lifted, even at the command of their chief—then slowly they prepared to obey.

“As Mary’s almost distracted features were turned to the glaring light of the death-fire, Anawon saw her ; and the long, deep, agonizing groan he did not try to suppress, told that she was recognized. The next moment she was at his feet. The bracelet was clasped about his arm. ‘Father, will he die!’ was all that she could speak ; and poor little Mary fainted away.

“Anawon took the child in his own arms, and administered something which revived her ; and when he saw her beautiful blue eyes again, he wiped the heavy drops of sweat from his brow, and gave orders for the release of the prisoner. Mary was then almost wild with joy—and she laughed and wept—and sang and danced—and ran from one to another—and they feared she would go into fits ; but in a few minutes she was completely exhausted ; and Rachel took her in her arms and held her.

“William wanted to go home immediately, because he knew his parents would be very much distressed about their children. One of the Indians said he would carry little Mary in his arms, and, accompanied by Rachel, they set out.

“It was about sunrise when they came in sight of Providence ; and just then they met

Simon Gray, at the head of a small band of men, going out in pursuit of his children. He was very much overcome at meeting them so unexpectedly ; and he forgot not to fall on his knees and bless God for their restoration. Then he embraced them affectionately, and learned the particulars of their escape.

“During this time the men ran on before to the settlement and told the news ; and as they entered the town the people came running out of their houses, all uttering expressions of joy, and blessing God for their happy deliverance. But the mother’s heart was most severely tried. She had given them up, and had become almost calm ; but when the news of their safe return reached her, her agitation was so great that she fell into fits ; and from their effect she never recovered. She lingered, however, in a weak state nearly a year ; and then she took an epidemic fever and died ; and Mary Wallace was once more—an orphan !

“During this time the poor Indians were mostly subdued. King Philip was killed ; Anawon was taken by Captain Church, and, during the absence of that good man, was shamefully put to death. Mary was much distressed, and refused to be

comforted, when she heard of the cruel death of her good old friend, (though William often told her that the white people never could be safe while he lived,) and when she was alone she would weep at thinking of it.

“One day, a short time after her mother’s death, she went to visit a friend about five or six miles from the Plantation; and in the afternoon she walked out alone, thinking she would go and see the rock where Philip and his men had once concealed themselves. She soon found the place; for the main rock, which the Indians called Quins-niket, or Rock-house, was larger than, and different from, all others around. This rock projects over to the southwest, and under that side of it the Indians had found a home. Mary went there and examined the place, and she found a great many arrow-spikes made of flint, and some pieces of wampum; and the ashes of their fires were still visible. She then climbed to the top of the rock, and sat down under the shade of a tall sugar-maple; and there she could not help thinking how cruel it was for the poor Indians to be killed or driven from their lands, and their houses, and their fathers’ graves.

“As she was returning, a little way from Quins-

niket, she saw a woman sitting on a flat stone, in the midst of a square where the earth seemed to have been blackened with fire, and where the grass had never since grown. When Mary came nearer, she saw that it was Rachel. Overjoyed, she was just going to spring to her arms, for she had not seen her friend since the morning of her brother's release, when she saw the poor creature was weeping. As soon as Rachel saw Mary, she hid her head in her blanket. The child looked at her a moment sorrowfully, then springing to her lap she folded her little arms round her neck, and putting her soft cheek close to hers, wept with her. This act of tenderness softened Rachel; and wiping away her own tears with a corner of her blanket, she held up the child and gazed mournfully upon her face; then she said, 'Weep on, my daughter! weep on!—for thy tears are cool and pleasant; but mine—O! they are drops of fire!' Then she spoke of her father's death and the downfall of her race, till her voice was choked—and she wept like a heart-broken child. Again she was silent, and began to pluck the blades of grass and weave them into basket-work, keeping her face all the while turned from Mary.

“Suddenly she looked upon the child, and

exclaimed, with much energy, 'Here—here! on this very spot 'twas done!'

" 'What, mother? what was done?' asked Mary, with a trembling voice.

" 'My babe—my babe!' Rachel could say no more for an instant; and then she added, 'I will tell thee: Namoina was the daughter of a mighty chief; many chiefs sought her in marriage—but she said, "No!" for her heart beat quick only at the step of Mohaton the brave. Anawon, the great chief, said, "Go!" and Namoina took the hand of Mohaton, and went from her father. We had one babe—it was beautiful and dear—and it went as quick from my arms as the blossom from the corn-leaf.' The white man came—Mohaton fell by our own door! and my babe—they trod upon it! It saw me—it tried to lift its little arms—it tried to open its little eyes—it could not. I took it in my arms—it was cold—still—dead. I saw not that all my brethren had gone—I saw not that I was alone. I held my little one till night came and made everything as dark and cold as my own bosom, and then I laid it in the ground—here!' As she spoke she stretched out her hand, and rested it an instant on a little mound beside her; then she stretched out her

arms and fell upon it, and wept and groaned fearfully.

“After a short time she arose, and dashing the tears away from her cheek, she became terribly calm, and continued: * ‘At last the hope of vengeance possessed me. I rose from this grave and vowed to kill the first white child I could find. I found thee, my child—I brought thee here—to the very spot where my own darling bled; but thy smile was so sweet—thy voice was so soft and pitiful—thy little arms clung around my neck so tenderly, I could not kill thee; and the spirit of my little one whispered to me constantly, “Let Mary lie in thy bosom and warm it again!” So I kept thee, and when three moons† were gone, it was cold, and thy little limbs trembled, and thy cheek was blue. I saw that the child of the Pale-face should not dwell in the wilderness. I gave thee meal and corn; but the food of the red babe was not for thee. I was afraid that thou too wouldst die. I sought thy mother to give thee up. She had gone, with her broken

* The Indians believe that, when they have a friend murdered, the soul of that friend cannot rest till they have avenged the death by killing the murderer or some of his connections.

† Months.

heart, over the great waters.* Namoina knew how to pity her. Thy father was slain in battle. She was a motherless widow. On my way back Simon Gray found me ; and when I saw thee among thy own people, I could not take thee away. Thy smile was as the sunlight to me—thou wert the only thing that made life pleasant, and yet I left thee.’ She paused, and Mary hid her face in the faithful creature’s bosom and wept without restraint.

“ Again she resumed—‘ The mother I found thee is gone, and now I will give thee back the other—thy own !’

“ ‘ Where ? where ?’ asked Mary, lifting her hands quickly. ‘ Where is my mother ?’

“ ‘ Be patient, and I will tell thee. Go to See-konk on the next day thy people meet to worship the Great Spirit—I have promised to send thee—she will be there ; a tall woman, and slender and graceful as a reed upon the hill-side. Her brow is fair as the coming of light, fair as thy own, my child ; and her dark hair falleth over it as the shadows of evening upon snow. There she is,’ continued Rachel, taking a small miniature from

* The ocean.

her own neck, and giving it to Mary, ‘some cunning* man of thy people hath put her face here; but not all. The kind look, and the tears, and the sorrow are not here!’

“Mary took the picture and looked upon it, and kissed it, and thanked God that again she was not an orphan—that again she was to find a mother.

“‘Go,’ continued Rachel, ‘remember all I have told thee; observe the scar over her left eye. She will know thee by thy little playthings—by thy sweet voice, and by thy father’s soft blue eye.’ As she spoke she gave some little toys to Mary, and then, motioning her away, she added, in a thick and tremulous voice, ‘now go, and let Namoina—die!’

“‘Die!’ repeated Mary, ‘Die! what can my mother mean?’

“‘Come hither, child, at the rising of the sun, and thou wilt know what I mean. Thrice hath the sun risen and set since food hath passed the lips of Namoina; and when she eateth again, it will be among her fathers in the hunting-grounds afar off.

* Ingenious

“ ‘I will bring thee food and drink ; I will go now,’ said Mary, bursting into tears.

“ ‘Go, but come not again ! go, and return not ! Namoina will find it hard to die while the eye of her nursling is upon her.’

“ Mary sprang back again to the side of Rachel. ‘O, my mother !’ she said, ‘thy hands are cold, and thy brow—what shall I do for thee ? What shall I do ?’

“ ‘If thou wilt not go, sit down at my feet and listen to my death-song ; but touch me not—speak not, or the soul of Namoina will be a coward and refuse to die.’

“ Mary fell, rather than sat, down at the poor creature’s feet, and listened to her with a bursting heart. I will repeat the song to you, not exactly as it was chanted by Namoina, but as it has since been put into verse. It still, however, retains its original spirit and meaning.

THE DEATH-SONG OF NAMOINA.

‘I hear the voices of the brave from yonder fair southwest—

They welcome poor Namoina unto her place of rest.

The hills are glad with living things—the valleys
bright with corn,
Beyond the beautiful blue sky where all the brave
are gone.

‘The earth is cold—the hills are lone—the pleas-
ant places sad,
And everything is desolate that once could make
me glad.
The white man’s corn is growing now upon our
fathers’ graves—
And Cowtantowit’s* children flee unto the western
waves’

‘’Tis time Namoina should go—she cannot longer
stay—
For as the rainbow from the cloud her tribe hath
passed away ;
Her heart is throbbing at thy voice, O wait thee,
Mohaton !
She hears her father, too—the brave, the mighty
Anawon ;
She hears her little baby’s voice, soft as the wind
at even—

* The Indian’s god.

And all her brethren beckon her unto the far-off
heaven!

‘Child of the Rising-sun!* my Flower! Namoina
cannot stay;

For all the voices of her tribe are calling her
away.

But one tear falleth on her cheek—it is to leave
thee now

Within a world whose fearful blight may gather
round thy brow—

But at the coming of thy steps may pain forever
flee;

And He thy fathers worship, prove a way of light
to thee.

‘My native hills! and vales! and streams! ye
will not be less bright

When poor Namoina hath gone unto the realms
of light!

But stranger voices even now your sweetest
echoes wake,

And stranger hands will spoil you all! O haste my
heart and break!

* The Indian’s call the white people the children of sunrise, because they came from the east.

‘I never knew, till this dark hour, ye were so very dear !

But, ah ! why do I linger so ? my brethren are not here !

The bosom now is desolate where sun-light used to dwell—

’Tis getting cold ! my burning eye—’Tis dark !
O ! Fare ye well !’

“Her voice died away gently, till only a low murmur was audible. The setting sun flashed a moment over her features, and as it faded away, they turned to a livid hue. She looked earnestly at Mary, as if she would speak ; her lips quivered in the attempt just once ; her head sank upon her bosom ; and when Mary threw her arms about her, she knew, by the chill, that poor Namoina was dead.

“The child sat down again at Namoina’s feet and hid her face in her lap, and sobbed and wept passionately. And there she sat till it was almost dark ; and there her friends, who, alarmed at her absence, went in search of her, found her.

“They removed the body to the house, and Mary watched by it through the night ; and the next day poor Namoina was decently buried.

Her funeral was respectably attended, and Mary mourned for her.

“But the child was now awakened to new hopes; she could think of nothing but her mother. She was longing to see her, and yet she was almost afraid; for she had loved her adopted mother so dearly she thought she could not, perhaps, like her own mother as well; and the thought was distressing to her. But, between the different agitations of hope and fear, the two days that remained between the burial of her Indian friend and the Sabbath, seemed to her the longest days she had ever known. She had begged her father’s permission for William to take her to Seekonk on the next Sabbath, and he had willingly granted her request; but she said nothing of her hopes to her father or brother, from a delicate regard for their feelings, because, at the best, she knew it would distress them. They and the dear departed one who had nursed and loved her from infancy, had been so long all-in-all to her, that her heart was reluctant, even in secrecy, to cherish a hope independent of them. Then poor Mary was perplexed by a thousand fears; she thought that it might rain—or that her mother might be sick—or that there might be some mis-

understanding—or that, perhaps, the whole was but a raving fancy of Namoina—or if the whole was true, (and this Mary firmly believed when she looked in love upon the sweet features that never left her bosom, but to be kissed and wept upon,) a thousand unthought of difficulties might occur. In short, her fears, and doubts, and anxieties, were innumerable. She could neither take food or rest, nor attend steadily to her daily occupations; and she kept by herself as much as possible, and spent most of her time in prayer.

“At last the Sabbath came. It was a beautiful October morning. The sun went up gloriously and melted away the bright frost from the foliage; and the forest—you have seen our woods in the autumn, children, and you know how beautiful they are when the frost has turned the leaves.”

“Yes,” said Ann, “and do you remember the lines upon ‘Autumn,’ you gave me the other day, where the sweet poet we love so dearly, compares our autumn foliage to ‘a flood of molten rainbows?’ A beautiful thought—is it not, grandmother?”

“True, my child,” said Mrs. Gray, turning an affectionate glance to the bright eyes that were lifted up; “but your brother and cousins, I see,

are more interested about the fate of Mary, than the beauties of autumn.

"I said it was a lovely morning, and Mary would have thought so too at any other time ; for not even you, my dear Ann, have more poetry in your heart, than Mary Wallace had. Her taste was not cultivated, it is true ; but the God of nature had dealt bountifully by her. She never looked on the beauties of creation without beholding the Creator ; and this spirit is one of the highest and richest sources of poetry.

"But, as I said, or was going to say, her mind this morning was full of other thoughts ; and she could hardly have told even what season of the year it was, though she loved the autumn dearly, and its beauties were never before unmarked.

"She counted the toys Namoina had given her over and over again, that she might be sure they were all there ; and then she put them into a little bag with a medal she had worn in infancy ; and before William had begun to dress, or the horse was brought to the door, she was quite ready and waiting for him in the passage. She thought William had never been so long in dressing before ; and she kept calling to him, and hurrying him. Her father, wondering at her unusual

impatience, stepped into the passage with a thought to chide her; but she stood there—such a beautiful, bright creature, that he could not; and he paused and looked upon her in silence. The excitement of her hopes had risen from her heart to her face; the maple leaf was not richer than the bloom upon her cheek, or the sun-light brighter than the flashing of her eye. A short green mantle hung from her shoulders, and her light, straw grassy bonnet could not hide the luxury of her brown hair.

“As she lifted her head at the sound of footsteps, the golden curls swept back from her face, and as she looked upon her father her eye filled with tears; and there was something in it that made the heart of Simon Gray tremble. Mary sprang to his arms and clinging round his neck, wept; for she thought it was almost wrong to seek another parent when she already had one who loved her so very tenderly. But at the sound of William’s footsteps on the stairs, she kissed her father, and, wiping away her tears, was all bloom and hope again; and William could not help pausing to look at her, ere he bounded to the saddle; and he thought she had never been so beautiful before. But Mary trembled so she

could not spring up behind him as usual; her father was obliged to lift her; and when he felt how she trembled, he feared she was ill, and asked her to stay at home and not go to the meeting; but Mary assured him she was perfectly well; so the kind-hearted man could make no other objection, and they rode off.

“They arrived at the meeting-house before any others; and as the people began to gather to the house, Mary trembled so she could hardly keep her seat.

“One after another came in—one after another was examined; but poor Mary could not think any one of them was her mother. At last a lady came and sat nearly opposite Mary. The child’s heart bounded; she saw the same dark hair and eye—the same white brow—but, O! it had no scar!—and tears of disappointment filled her eyes. Another came; she was tall and graceful; she had dark hair and eyes, and a very fair brow. ‘That is the one! That is my mother!’ thought Mary, and she was just going to throw herself into her arms and call her mother, when the lady—who probably thought Mary very rude for staring at her so fixedly—turned quickly away with such an angry expression of countenance, that

the child could hardly restrain her tears ; and then the idea that the lady might be her mother, made her tremble. Others came, and were, in turn, examined ; but not one of them could be compared with the picture she held in her hand—the description given by Namoina—or the image in the heart of Mary. The poor child was doomed to be disappointed ; and she sat down, and leaned her head upon her hands, and thought she would never hope again.

“ A low murmur, as of one in prayer, reached her ear. She lifted her eyes, almost unwillingly, and on the opposite side of the room, she saw a lady in deep mourning, kneeling before one of the rough benches, in prayer. The garb of outward grief was an unwonted sight there, and every eye was turned upon her. Yet there was a kindly expression in every face, for the people, although their own simple creed and rigid habits forbade the use of a peculiar garment as a sign of wo, could not help respecting the piety of the stranger. Mary’s heart beat wildly at the first glance, and she turned very pale, and then again her face was flushed with the fever of excited feelings. After kneeling a short time, the stranger slowly rose, and turned round upon the little assembly with a

melancholy, listless air. As she did so her face turned full in Mary's view ; it was pale, and tender, and sorrowful. The child became, at once, convinced that her search was ended ; in that one glance she had seen all ; the tall and graceful form—the dark glossy hair—the fair, pale brow—the scar—the resemblance to the picture—all that she sought was there. She forgot every thing but that she had found her long-lost parent ; she flew along the narrow aisle, and when she reached the lady just whispered, 'Mother !' and fell into her arms. The child had fainted.

"The strange lady seemed as much overcome as Mary. She held her closely embraced in her arms, and gazed eagerly upon her pallid features. It chanced at this moment that the miniature fell from Mary's bosom, and the medal on which was engraved her name. The stranger looked upon them and uttered a faint scream ; then she clasped the child close to her heart ; and when Mary opened her blue eyes and smiled upon her, she cried out, 'I know thee now, my daughter !—my own beloved daughter !'

"The whole congregation had gathered round with wondering looks and curious faces ; and even the good minister himself, instead of going

to his desk, mingled with the crowd, and seemed to enter into the spirit of the scene.

"There was one powerfully interested; William had followed Mary from her seat, wondering at her strange behavior; but from the moment when he saw that she had found her own mother, he stood with his arms folded upon his breast, the only silent one among the crowd.

"Simon Gray was immediately sent for, and it was established, beyond the possibility of doubt, that Mary had indeed found a mother, and Mrs. Wallace a long-lost daughter; and the minister offered up a solemn public thanksgiving to God for their re-union."

The children thanked their grandmother for telling them such a very interesting story, and little Helen danced with joy, she was so glad that Mary had found her mother.

"I have one more wish to be gratified, grandmother," said George Gray; "I should like to go to Quinsniket and see the place where Philip and his followers were sheltered, and where Namoina died."

"Your wish shall be indulged, my dear boy," said Mrs. Gray. "When the spring opens, I will take you all to pass a few weeks in the country,

and we will go to Quinsniket. You will find many traces of the Indians still existing, in the names of different localities, and in the recollections of the ancient inhabitants. The field where they planted their corn, still called Indian old-field, is to be seen a short distance from Quinsniket; and the rock itself, so intimately connected with the history of a fallen but once mighty race, still remains, as it were, a monument to designate their grave. The spot where poor Namoina was buried, is now within the limits of a little town. Her hut was afterward rebuilt by a few wandering remnants of her tribe, and some of the present inhabitants remember it. The hearth-stone is still to be seen; and over it waves a honey-locust tree, which a distinguished gentleman, since dead, planted to mark the spot where stood THE LAST WIGWAM."

THE GENOESE EMIGRANT.

BY MISS E. M. ALLISON.

"It was the fatal pre-eminence of *Genoa* to wind up the last act of Italy's direful tragedy."

LADY MORGAN.

THE tremulous moon's light silvery gleam,
 Plays over Genoa's halls and bowers,
 Gilds with a bright translucid beam
 Her splendid domes and lofty towers.
 Sardinia's banners waving high
 In pride of ancient rivalry,
 Tell to the world the wretched fate
 Of Genoa, and her fallen state ;
 That she a proud republic host
 Once fair Italia's pride and boast,
 Which stood a landmark by the sea
 To show the spot where all were free.
 By commerce rear'd, her sons a race
 Endow'd with wealth and martial grace,
 Oft Austria from her walls expell'd
 And long the daring French repell'd,

Now to tyranny bow
'Neath their deadliest foe ;
Yield their sceptre and land
To a tyrant's command,
And though panting their dear cherish'd rights to
regain,
Unresistingly bend 'neath the yoke they disdain.

Oh, Genoa, could none be found
To deal thee such a deadly wound,
To steal thy gem of brightest glow
To deck a worthless despot's brow,
Supplant thy *cross** and *golden crown*
That floated o'er thy ancient town ;
But those the generous arms embraced
With hospitable welcome graced ?

But whose is yon form on the lone beach side,
Wrapt in his mantle that streams o'er the tide ?
Whose footsteps' hurried sound,
No measure seems to beat
To aught that breathes around
Pale midnight's calm retreat.
And see yon skiff on ocean wide,
Its pendants on the light breeze streaming,

* The arms of Genoa.

Dashing along the sparkling tide,
A circle bright around it gleaming.
Approaching gently to the shore
Waits it to waft yon stranger o'er,
To seek in some far distant clime
A solitary home.

Through foreign lands to roam
And waste a joyless, sunless prime.
A branch lopped from the native tree
To wither where no eye may see
And reck its fallen destiny.
Genoa, to fly thy still-lov'd walls,
That hold to him the spell-bound halls,
Where dwelt his sires in days gone by
The guardian friends of liberty ;
And where commingling now they lie
Beneath thy soft cerulean sky.
From every tie at once to sever,
To fly from scenes by time endeared,
Remembered joys to leave for ever
That round his natal spot are twined.
There bright ambition o'er him broke
In strains of martial story,
And first his ardent soul awoke
From youth's gay dreams to glory
And bending from above

'Twas there immortal love,
His golden sunbeams flung around him,
And with his roseate fetters bound him;
With yet one firmer look entwined
To all, that must be now resigned.

'The stranger watched a dark cloud hovering
In the blue sky,
And over Genoa's walls it was lowering,
Nor passed it by.
And resting on the ether blue,
It hid the pale moon from his view.
He gazed—for deemed he in such skies
So dense a vapor ne'er could rise,
To sully the untainted light
That hallows an Italian night.

His brow was motionless—and none could tell
If sorrow there had been.
And from his still-fixed eye no tear-drop fell
To show of inward agony,
Or aught that passed within
His bosom's sanctuary.

Once his eye glanced o'er the expanded sea,
With such a look as mocks at misery ;

Who, as the poets tell,
At midnight leaves her cell
To sit the ocean rocks among,
Re-echoing the owlets' song.
But soon again his glance is resting
On those turrets lofty and gray
Lit by a gleam of the moon's ray.
His sires might leave them to be breasting
Their foreign foes, on earth or main ;
More glorious to return again :
But he an alien from this shore,
Must quit them to return no more.
He could have fought for Genoa's right,
His soul blenched not in thickest fight—
He could drench that arm deep in gore,
But not quail 'neath a foeman's power.
He could have fought till latest gasp
To free from an invader's grasp
His dear fraternity—his^d all—
If but her cross were on that wall.
That would have been a beacon light
To light him on his foes in fight,
Better than glare of torches bright.
Shall he then own a tyrant's chain ?
Let viler souls than his remain ;
But if he plough the watery wave

Where shall he find a land of brave
Hearts, bound to Liberty? No more;
Such dreams are of an age that's o'er;
And men are wiser grown—and knaves,
Choosing them quiet coward graves,
Not glorious ones, upon the land
Their fathers valor won and mann'd.

Liberty scorns with those to dwell
Who love her name but passing well—
Who hang it a boast on the lip for ever,
A lip-drop warming the soul, oh! never—
But 'mongst those, where her deep-cherished name
Burns in a bright and hallowed flame,
Who breathe it but forth in devotional sigh—
Who know but to *love her, and have her, or die!*
And now her pure white flag unfurled
Is waving o'er a western world.
And to that new-found world across the waves,
In yon proud ship the gathering storm that braves,
His onward course is steered. Yes! to that shore
Beyond the Atlantic's wide resounding roar
His countryman* first traversed, and a name
Carved on the 'scutcheon of immortal fame.

* Christopher Columbus.

What would he more ? Let others reap the gain
That springs from genius's creative brain—
'Tis ever so :—while grief and toil must win
The portals that to glory's shrine let in.
But there are toils that win no high renown ;
Griefs that the loftiest spirit can bow down :
And such were his, who, standing by that prow,
Felt the worst ills that fate on man can throw ;
But felt them as a man, resolved to bear,
And snatch a brand to show what yet he dare
If Heaven permit ; if not, to seek a tomb,
Columbia, in thy forest's thickest gloom,
Where none can brand him with his fathers' fame,
And say he ill deserves their glorious name.
Ah ! thought most true which all of grief contains,
And owning most the spirit most disdains.

'Tis night—and musing on the deep he stands,
The abstracted emigrant from other lands.
His form majestic bending o'er the tide,
Marks he impatiently how slow they glide
O'er the unfathomed depth that lies below ;
Or doth but watch the sparkles as they glow
Among the envious billows' angry play,
That foam and toss on high the beauteous ray :
Not that the glories of the sea or sky

Absorb the thoughts that in his bosom lie,
Panting to burst from their sepulchral home
In all the ghastliness of livid gloom.
Why is his head uncovered to the air?
As if the keenest wind came hotly there.
Aye, even with the elemental wrath,
His troubled spirit a communion hath.
'Then stalk before his view in mournful maze,
Unburied phantoms of departed days;
With withered hopes around them wildly flung,
Like flowers to which no breath of odor clung;
Nor hue of brightness—such as o'er the dead
The gifts of fond affection vainly shed
Become, ere the same morn that saw them bloom,
hath fled.

So on him comes the memory of the past,
In floating shadows thickly seen and fast,
Their spectral forms in grim array
Press on him as in battle-fray,
And he resists them not with hostile force,
As he would once turn back the assailants' course
In the hot tide of war—but vainly throws
A weak retaliation on those foes
Who urge a contest with the soul—and there
Strike their keen shafts envenomed by despair.

Now in a milder mood his light guitar
Swells o'er the crested billows dashing far.
Sweet is the voice of music and of song—
But sweetest when it floats the ocean waves along

SONG.

“ My loved guitar, send forth thy deepest gush
Of mournful melody, in one farewell,
Where all regretful tenderness may rush,
And leave the spirit halcyon in its cell.
Halls of my sires, that I no more shall view,
Land of my home—a long—a last adieu !

“ 'Tis well ! Better the eagle should go forth
Than have his eyrie for a prison tower.
There on the mountains of the stormy north
More glad to soar, than in bright sunny bower
With chain of silken fetters idly bound,
Compell'd to wheel in measured circles round.

“ My lov'd guitar, not this thy touching force
Of soul-like cadence, that was wont to bring
The crystal tear-drops from the heart's deep source
Of her, to whom it was my joy to sing ;
While o'er her brow the light of love would break,
Beauteous as morning's first encrimsoned streak !

Clari!—but I must let that name no more
Sweep o'er these strings.—Maiden more fair
Than any minstrel's love in days of yore!
And dearer, too!—but I must strive to tear
That name from out my heart; where it so long
Hath dwelt like odor, or the breath of song.

“Yet still one long—one passionate adieu
As 'twere my soul sigh'd forth, to thee I send.
Oh that it humbly at thy feet could sue
For one last thought, that thou wouldst deign to
bend

On the lone exile from his land, and thee,
Who ne'er may claim thee now—his bride to be.

“And thou! my native land—a last farewell!
Farewell the grandeur of thy marble halls!
Farewell the hope again with thee to dwell!
Farewell the ambitious beat to glory's calls!
All! all adieu! My native land, no more
These exiled feet shall press thy much lov'd
shore!”

SONNET.

ON A SLEEPING INFANT.

SLEEP's dewy veil hath sealed thy curtained eyes,
 And lapped thine earliest cares in peaceful rest,
 Fair babe ; yet soon all radiant shalt thou rise,
 Smiling new rapture to thy mother's breast.
 Oh may no darker clouds obscure the skies
 Of thy bright promise—mayest thou never know
 The cold world, stripped from its deceitful guise
 Of hollow seeming and love's empty show ;
 Nor learn, with heart convulsed and passion-tost,
 That parents may forget, and friends grow chill,
 That health—home—fortune—country may be
 lost—
 That mortal idols are but mortal still ;
 But slumber thus when earth's last woes are o'er,
 Thus wake to light and life for evermore.

CHILD OF MY HEART.

CHILD of my heart ! in sorrow's hour,
 When all the ills of life are nigh,
 And suffering Nature has no power,
 To stay the pang, to still the sigh ;
 When suns no longer deign to shine,
 And friends who came in early years,
 Desert the home and fly the shrine,
 Whose only offering then, is tears :

Thou shalt be nigh, in weal and wo,
 My love a balm shall ever be,
 And thou shalt teach the heart to know,
 Truth still abides with infancy.
 The crowd that flies the broken heart,
 To thee shall no example prove ;
 And thou, when all the rest depart,
 Shalt watch with hope, and bless with love.

S.

MAY MORNING.

THOU art abroad betimes—the laughing wind
 Ruffling thy tresses, and with ardent kiss
 Heightening the rich carnation of thy cheek,
 And thy lip's roseate grain!

Away! away!

To the fresh meadows—there thy neck of snow,
 And broad intelligent brow, with drops to lave
 Of clearest May-dew—so no envious stain,
 Freckle, nor sunburnt spot, shall mar the sheen
 Of that pure skin, which, exquisitely white,
 Glows with rich witness of the eloquent blood,
 That courses, in its thousand channels warm,
 Beneath the snowy surface.

Morn is up,

With all her matin worship—song of birds,
 And breath of spangled flowers! Then tarry not
 To cull the earliest benefits of May,
 Before the sun with scorching touch profane

Have marred their virgin beauties. Life is brief—
Too brief to loiter in the chamber's gloom,
When thou mayest greet the glorious morning's
 pride
In the bright vale, or on the mountain's side!

H.

MY FIRST BORN.

THE HOUR OF HER BIRTH.

WAS'T not a cry of pleasure
 Burst from that shrouded room?
 God bless thee, mother of my first,
 Love's pledge through joy and groom;
 Long hours we looked to measure
 The rapture, now so free,
 That, like some stream, the rocks have burst;
 Restrained it cannot be.
 I may not speak my pleasure,
 The tears are in mine eye,
 And, like one long awake to thirst,
 I pant for liberty—
 Freedom to see my treasure,
 To hush its cries, and rest
 My infant daughter, yet unnursed
 Upon her father's breast.

CONDY O'NEAL.

"WELCOME to Wheatland!" cried I, one fine autumnal evening, seeing my old friend, Captain Evans, approaching my door. "You are a bad paymaster in the article of visits," I continued, handing him an arm-chair. "Here have I been living fifteen years, visiting you half a dozen times a year, and receiving nothing but fruitless promises of a return for my civilities: but here you are at last, and right welcome to your ancient hall."

"Aye, aye," replied the Captain. "Every year, and every month, since leaving this, have I determined that you should have me for your guest; but, I know not how it happened, that each day seemed to bring forth a trouble, or an occupation, at least, sufficient for itself. But here I am at last; and, as Tom is at length out of the way, I mean to be at my ease here, and billet myself upon you for a month at the least."

Captain Evans was a hardy old "revolutioner," nearly seventy years of age, but hale and stout,

and as active as most men of forty. The farm on which I resided had been the property of his father, and the Captain had passed the greater portion of his life upon it. Inheriting the farm upon the death of his father, the Captain continued to reside on it until the time of my purchasing it from him. His only daughter having been left a widow, with four sons, as yet young, he, at her request, sold the farm, and went to reside with her in another part of the country, devoting himself to the care of his grandchildren and the management of his daughter's estate. Here I had frequently visited him, and received many an unfulfilled promise of a return in kind to my visits. He had at length taken the opportunity, when the youngest of his grandsons was sent to college, to pay me the long deferred visit.

On the morning following his arrival my guest was, according to his wont, astir very early, and before breakfast was announced we had rambled over the greater part of the farm; each well-remembered spot eliciting its anecdote from my communicative friend.

In the evening we again walked abroad; and, having followed the windings of the creek to its junction with the Schuylkill, we seated ourselves

upon the mouldering trunk of a gigantic, fallen button-wood tree. The bank of the stream was here about twenty feet in height, and descended perpendicularly to the water, which was very deep. Toward the opposite side the water shoaled, and was bordered by a low, muddy shore.

"This," said I, after a short pause in the conversation, "has been a magnificent tree."

The Captain laughed, and said, rather suddenly, "Do you remember Condy O'Neal, a little Irishman, who formerly lived in this neighborhood?"

"I have but a faint recollection of the man; he has been dead many a year since."

"This tree has recalled to my mind a droll adventure of Condy's, in which the tree bore a part.

"Condy came into the county about the year 1770, and opened a school. He was a true son of Erin, fond of fun, the bottle, and the girls, and seemed to have been, by nature, designed for amusement. He was a short, fat, little mortal, with a bald patch on his carrotty poll; his face was flat and nearly square, his mouth was large, and puckered with a smile of habitual drollery, and his little gray eyes twinkled like those of a cat. No one had ever seen Condy looking sad; and he never spoke but to excite a smile by his

humor or his bulls. Withal he was by no means touchy, and could laugh very heartily at a joke even at his own expense. But it was among the girls that his powers were most fully displayed; no professor of blarney could outshine Condy in the art of flattery. When in the society of the fair, Condy's eloquence was unbounded: the torrent of compliments, jokes, and blunders flowed with unpausing rapidity. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that he became a leading man in conversation, and that our country beaux, one and all, felt themselves below par in his presence. Condy was not slow to remark this, and infinite was the pleasure he took in teasing them as often as opportunity offered. No sooner did he observe a beau looking particularly tender at one of the lasses, than Condy took upon himself to cut him out; and many an evening has he thus consumed in wronging a poor dog of a lover.

“The man whom Condy chiefly delighted to torment was a young farmer, named John Bingham, a man of great stature and prodigious strength—the hero of all the broils and boxing-matches in the country. These boxing-matches are now out of fashion, but at the time of which I am speaking, they were very common; each

county having one or more champions, who often tried their prowess against those of the neighboring counties. In these contests John had never yet found his match ; and his temper had, in consequence, become so proud and overbearing, as to render him an object of dislike to all his acquaintance. John's air of superiority was intolerable to Condy. He felt himself to be John's superior in all but brute force ; and was grieved to think that so thick-skulled a mortal should be at all noticed by the side of a man of mind like Condy O'Neal. On the other hand, John was equally chagrined by the deference paid to so diminutive a creature as Condy. He was perpetually galled by Condy's remarks on the superiority of mind over muscle—of wit over strength. He felt that his former influence was sadly impaired ; and how to re-establish it, was beyond his contrivance. To attempt to pick a quarrel with Condy and flog him, would, he was aware, be useless ; for, in the first place, Condy was too well acquainted with his rival's bodily powers to risk a battle ; and, secondly, Condy's superiority, resting in his wit, could not be beaten out of him by kicks and cuffs. John, therefore, concluded that it would be best to bear Condy's presence with patience ; certain that the

roving disposition natural to school-masters must, ere long, remove the evil from his sight. In the mean time, however, he resolved to wreak his vengeance by playing all manner of boorish practical jokes upon Condy.

“One evening, late in autumn, Condy, John, and a number more, found themselves assembled at a husking frolic, where John, whose *Dulcinea* was of the party, exerted himself to the utmost to get the better of Condy; and, by dint of tripping up his heels and then burying him beneath a huge heap of corn-husks, or pushing him headlong over a row of lasses seated at their work, he contrived to keep the laughers on his own side. Condy bore all this with his characteristic good humor, until, the business of the evening having been nearly completed, and his scheme of vengeance matured, he suddenly assumed the air of a man whose patience is exhausted, and let fall a menace of revenge. Irritated by such a speech from a man like Condy, John roughly seized him by the shoulder, and demanded to know what he was threatening. ‘What I may never be able to undo,’ replied Condy, gravely. ‘And what may that be?’ asked John. ‘Why, Mister Bingaman, I could clap a horse’s head upon your shoulders,

and that is more than I could take off again.' John burst into an outrageous fit of laughter, and dared Condy to the trial. 'No! no!' said Condy, 'I don't want to do you an injury. I could easily put a horse's head upon you, but if I should do so, there it must stick as long as you live: I could not take it off.' 'Try your best,' again cried John; 'I am not afraid of you.' 'Well, well,' replied Condy, 'as you doubt my ability, I'll just do something for a small bit that shall harm no one, and convince you of the truth of what I said about the horse's head. Now, John, strong as you are, I will undertake to make a cat pull you across that creek by a rope. Will you bet me a joe upon it?' 'Done,' cried John; 'post your joe.' The money was regularly staked, when Condy, turning to the company, requested them to adjourn to the farm-house, where he would presently join them, in order to make some necessary preparations. Condy went to his school-room, which was not very far off, and in a few minutes returned, bearing a sheet of paper, a pencil, a pair of dividers, and a Gunter's scale. Entering the house, he found the company very merry upon the occasion. At first, all was laughter and jesting at Condy's expense; but he, nothing moved thereby,

seated himself with the most imperturbable gravity by the side of a table ; while John, with a grin of anticipated triumph on his visage, seated himself opposite and watched his motions. Condy pored intently upon his scale, then adjusted his dividers upon it, and proceeded to draw three concentric circles upon the paper. In the central circle he wrote JOHN BINGAMAN, and within the two outer he drew a number of strange figures of animals, birds, insects, etc. During this process, which was conducted with great solemnity and extreme slowness, John's phiz gradually lost its comic expression, and assumed a dolorous cast. The whole company caught the infection of solemnity, and, to noise and merriment, there succeeded a silence so dead, that the sound of Condy's pencil was distinctly audible as it slowly passed over the paper. Having now tickled his audience to the proper point, Condy arose, and, in a solemn tone, said, 'John Bingaman!' John rose from his seat with a visage rueful as his who drew King Priam's curtains in the night, to tell him that his warlike son was dead. 'John Bingaman!' Condy repeated, 'put your finger upon this magic circle and acknowledge it for your hand and seal.' Spite of his natural intre-

pidity, John's superstitious fears had completely overpowered him, and he stood gazing upon Condy, while his knees almost smote together with apprehension. 'John Bingaman!' again said Condy, 'do you refuse to acknowledge this to be your hand and seal?' John muttered something unintelligibly. 'Well,' said Condy, 'then the bet is lost—the joe is mine.' The idea of so easily parting with his joe, and the fear of the ridicule which began already to manifest itself in the titters of the company, recalled John from his stupor, and, hastily clapping his finger upon the fatal circle, he said, 'This is my hand and seal, confound you!—now make what you please of it.' 'Tis well!' said Condy, with solemnity, folding his paper and gathering up his drawing instruments: 'now I must ask the assistance of the company in this affair. The cat must be black, a female which has never had kittens, and must weigh two pounds exactly.' He also informed them that the proposed feat could be performed only when both sun and moon were below the horizon.

"The company dispersed. John went away with a feeling of dread for which he could not account, and which, with his utmost exertions, he

failed to dispel. Could Condy be serious? Could he really make so diminutive a creature perform what he had proposed? Yet there was nothing like jesting in Condy's manner, and he was not the man to throw away a joe and at the same time risk a dozen kicks from John, besides incurring the ridicule of the whole vicinity. John shook his wise head again and again, but could not attain to any satisfactory conclusion. Condy sought his home in a very different mood. He laughed heartily as soon as he was in his own room: for now he had his mighty rival in his power, and could, without fail, expose him, a laughing-stock, to the whole county.

"As to the rest of the company, they viewed the matter in various lights. The more superstitious portion, awed by the solemnity of the pedagogue, looked upon him with mingled fear and admiration; while the less credulous part, most of them young, laughed, chatted, jested, and laid wagers upon the success of the plot. As more than a week must pass before the day fixed upon for the decision of the wager, there was full time for gossiping; and innumerable were the tales of witchcraft, ghosts, and horrors which that interval brought forth. Each veteran talker, male or

female, had one or more marvellous tales wherewith to entertain the fireside assembly, and send the children to bed half terrified out of their reason.

“During this time Condy was more busy and more solemn than he had ever before been known to be. Every nook and corner was searched for the mystical cat, and as he paraded the streets in anxious quest, every one ran to his door to look at Condy, as if he had been some strange creature from lands unknown. At length the cat was found, but where he had procured her he would not tell. This led people to the very rational conclusion that she had been lent for the express purpose by the devil, or that she was one of the witches who, about that period, greatly infested the ‘east countrie.’

“On the appointed evening John and Condy, accompanied by about one hundred persons, repaired to the spot on which we are now sitting, where Condy had warned them all to remain: informing them that if any one crossed the creek he must do it at the risk of being torn to pieces by the devil. This tree at that time stood on the bank with one half of its naked roots projecting over the water—the earth having been washed away by the floods. Here John took his seat,

his body reclining against the foot of the tree, his feet firmly planted against a root, and either hand grasping a root by his side. Condy tied the rope securely about John's body, and then crossed the creek, carrying the other end of the rope to a spot a few yards from the water. You have planted a very pretty hedge garden near the water's edge, but at the time of which I speak the shore was bare, and about ten yards from the water was a fence with a thick growth of alders and rank weeds. Condy, having fastened his cat to the rope, proceeded to describe a large circle round her, muttering incantations and contriving so to spin out the time as to leave as little light as possible on the transaction. The crowd upon the bank stood awestruck in silent expectation. John

‘ With half shut eyes, pucker'd cheeks,
And teeth presented bare,’

sat grasping the roots on either side, a very picture of melancholy desperation. Condy, having prolonged his preparatory measures until it had become tolerably dark, notified John that he must look out, for he was now about to give the fatal pull. At this unwelcome intelligence John's

breath came thick and hard. Condy whipped his cat, and cried '*come!*'—the cat squalled, and John squeezed the roots with the gripe of a giant, but remained unmoved. Condy now addressed the stars and planets, calling several by name, whipped his cat, and again cried '*come!*' and again John gave the roots a more than affectionate squeeze. Condy now talked Irish to his cat, whipped her, upbraided the stars with their neglect of him, and cried '*come!*'—still John maintained his position, while the cat seemed unable even to stretch the heavy rope to which she and John were attached. This farce of whipping and calling having been repeated for nearly a quarter of an hour, John began to suspect that Condy had brought him thither for the purpose of making a fool of him. Irritated by this idea, he incautiously arose from his recumbent posture, and with divers oaths and curses, demanded to know what Condy meant. Condy seeing John thus off his guard, plied his cat with Irish and hickory most energetically, and cried '*now come!*' So said, so done: down went John into the creek. The crowd fled from the spot with a universal cry of horror. John, after having sunk for a moment in the deep water, reappeared on the surface—cut

his way through the stream with the foaming rapidity of a steamboat—ploughed through the mud of the opposite shore, and brought up against the old worm fence with a shock that tumbled it in ruins to the earth. Condy hastily cut the rope, and lifting the heap of rails from his body, begged him, for God's sake, to make the best of his way across the creek, 'or the devil would tear him to pieces.' John needed not much persuasion to induce him to this course, and he dashed through the water little less rapidly than when the cat helped him on. He afterward affirmed, with many an oath, that, turning his head during this passage, he saw a fiery-eyed, black monster, of the size of a bull, and bearing with him a strong odor of brimstone, leap from the bushes and pursue him to the middle of the stream.

"Thus ended the business of the night. John went home as if he had had a thousand devils at his heels. Condy marched deliberately to his lodging, exulting in the certainty of having forever humbled his mighty rival. How did his heart swell with the idea of having, little as he was, conquered the mightiest man in Chester County! 'Now,' said he to himself, 'John is down, and so I will keep him; as often as he attempts to bully

or look big, I have only to remind him of this night's adventure and his crest will fall. Lord! what a time I shall have of it, and what a flourish I shall cut among the girls! Not a man of those boobies will dare to open his mouth where Condy O'Neal happens to be.' Thus did Condy exult, little thinking of the fate which awaited him. He had no idea that, at this happy moment, his evil genius was filling the vials of his wrath in order to pour them on his devoted head.

"Condy slept soundly, and having risen, proceeded, at the usual hour, to his school-house, where he found all silent and lonely. There was no fire in the stove, nor was there a human being visible. What could it mean? Condy looked at his watch and then at the sun, but both affirmed that the hour was 9, A. M. Was this a holyday? No! Christmas does not come in November, and that is the nearest holyday. Condy mused as he prepared to kindle a fire, endeavoring to discover the probable reason of the desertion of his flock. His musings, however, were interrupted by the arrival of a middle-aged matron, followed by her children and a dozen scholars besides, who began to gather up books, slates, etc., and to decamp without even the ceremony of good-by! Condy,

not a little surprised, demanded the reason of this extempore proceeding. Madam replied, that neither she nor her neighbors could think of sending their children to a teacher who had dealings with the devil. This was too much for Condy's gravity, and loud and long did he laugh as madam retreated from the room. After his fit of merriment had subsided, Condy sat down to consider what was best to be done. 'To argue with these people would be useless, and to reveal the secret of the trick upon John, might be only to hand my bones over to the surgeon for repairs. Well, I suppose there are other places, besides this, where the children lack learning. So there is no use in grieving about the business; for if I were as sad as the bottom of a cherry-pie, I could not mend matters a whit! It is very provoking, though, to have to run off in the moment of signal victory. But I suppose I must say farewell to Chester County.'

"Condy collected what was due to him by his patrons, and went off to Bucks County, thence to Montgomery, and so forth, seeking a situation, but in vain, for the story of his necromantic exploit had preceded him with the most awful exaggerations. Still he kept up a good heart, but soon

began to find that his pocket was growing alarmingly light, and that, unless something was done to restore its gravity, he must be famished. Upon arriving at this very natural conclusion, he faced about, resolved to go to Virginia, where, under a feigned name and at a sufficient distance from the theatre of his unlucky celebrity, he might 'teach the young idea how to shoot' in full security.

"His knapsack was already buckled on, his bill paid, his half gill disposed of, and his staff grasped in his dexter hand, when he was surprised by the apparition of one of his comrades from Chester, who shook him most cordially by the hand, laughed heartily, slapped his shoulder, and swore that he was the cleverest fellow in the world. 'Come Condy,' said he, 'you must come with me to Chester. It is all out about the cat; and look here, my old boy!'" Saying this he unfolded a school-subscription paper, containing a most imposing array of signatures, the signers promising 'severally to pay unto Condy O'Neal the sums unto their names annexed,' etc., etc.

"I must now inform you how the matter of the cat had been managed. On the evening preceding that on which John followed the cat with so much rapidity and so little good will, Condy took

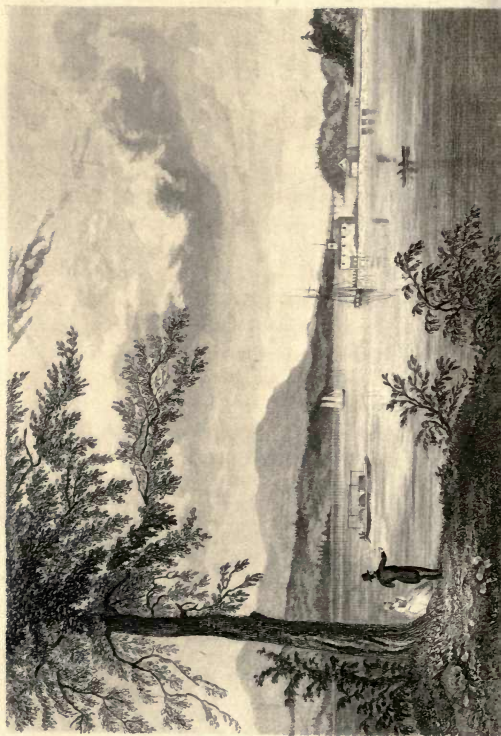
Adam North and myself, whom he had let into the secret, to the shore yonder. We had with us a good rope, which we buried slightly in the mud ; one end touching the spot where Condy was to make his circle, the other end being drawn through the fence and concealed amid the weeds and alders. A stout stick about two feet long, tied by the middle to this end of the rope, was to serve us as a handle. On the appointed evening, some time before sunset, North and I took our fishing-rods and wandered down the stream, pretending to be very busy fishing ; and when evening approached, we laid our rods aside and crept into the midst of the bushes at the place where our rope lay, which we found as we had left it on the preceding evening. Our instructions were, to remain quietly at our post, having our hands upon the stick, until Condy should cry, 'now come !' when we were to run. We were mightily tickled, as you may suppose, with the idea of the ducking and fright we were about to give the big bully ; but our pleasure was not a little damped by a most unexpected apparition. North had, on leaving home, tied up his dog, a huge black deer-hound, for fear of his betraying us by his barking ; but shortly after the people had begun to

assemble on this bank, we saw the black rascal coming toward us with his nose to the ground. Our only resource, then, was, in making him lie down with us and keep quiet; but, to our utter dismay, when he came up to the place where we lay, we discovered that he had killed a skunk by the way. There was, however, no help for us; and we had to lie close, enduring the horrible stench for nearly half an hour. When we started up to run, the hound started with us; but hearing the mighty splash made by John in his voyage, and fancying, probably, that a deer had run into the creek, he wheeled about, gave tongue, and ran toward the water, where he arrived just in time to follow John into the stream. This occasioned John's mistake about the monster and the smell of brimstone.

“The secret had been too good to be kept; and North, notwithstanding the danger to which he thereby subjected himself of a hearty thumping from John, told the whole matter (confidentially of course) to a few dozens of his intimate friends, and so the whole matter came to light. I must confess I was horribly afraid when I found it had got wind; but John never betrayed any ill feeling toward us. Upon Condy, however, he vowed vengeance

most dire. On the matter becoming public, John was driven almost mad ; for he was roasted without mercy wherever he went. Fancy also came to the aid of reality ; and he imagined that there was an allusion to his defeat as often as cats, or ropes, or water, or Irish school-masters were mentioned. He even ran out of the church when the parson, one Sunday, read the story of the Egyptians in the Red Sea.

“ If poor John was now down, Condy was in proportion elated. His school flourished to the utmost extent of his wishes ; his finances were, of course, considerably increased ; his popularity, with both male and female, was unbounded ; and his vanity and good humor were augmented ten-fold. The grin was never absent from his mouth, and he laughed and chuckled over his cat exploit as if he had conquered a kingdom. John studiously avoided him ; and whenever accident brought them into each other's company, Condy swelled and looked as big as if he could have eaten him up at a single sitting.”



ON THE HUDSON.

BY ELIZABETH MARY ALLISON.

RIVER that rollest thy bright course along
 In virgin beauty, yet unwooed by song,
 Unknown to glory ; save to that which springs
 Like to a blushing maiden, from the fame
 Of her own loveliness. Shall thy name
 Be fraught with bright romance, like that which
 flings

Enchantment o'er the Rhine, whose feudal towers
 Look down disdainful on the winged hours ?

The legionary forces of old Time,
 Battling with man e'en from his youthful prime,
 And the sublimest efforts of his hand,
 Shall genius give thee immortality ?
 Her radiance flung o'er earth and sky,
 By magic touch of her unearthly wand ;
 Far richer crowning of thy sunny tide,
 Than palaces of wealth, of power or pride.

Flow on, then, bright and beauteous river, flow
Yet smile beneath the summer sunset's glow,
Or autumn's mellow lustre, shed o'er all
The sombre grandeur of the foliage dense :
Or solitary tree that doth dispense
O'er thee its willowy gracefulness of fall,
While now thy highlands nearing the blue sky,
Emblazoned with its orient tracery.

Flow on—flow on in loveliness like this !
Soft as the image of Arcadian bliss,
When earth itself was young as thou art now,
Ere in the east was mosque or high serai,
But all was wild-wood, where the deer might stray,
Or the gazelle bound from the mountain's brow,
Unharm'd by man, who led his flocks along,
Joying in freedom, and the free bird's song.

Nymph of thy source, and bearer of the urn
From which these crystal waters winding turn
Into their varying track of loveliness—
Presiding spirit of the sparkling flood,
Of heavenly aspect and serenest mood,
Come at my bidding, with each shining tress
Wet with the spray of the full rushing stream
Thou lov'st to pour beneath the moonlit beam

Come at my bidding, oh immortal maid !
Come from thy grotto, 'neath the wavelets made
Far, far below, wrought of the treasures there,
Mocking the eagerness of mortal eye
As much as the far glories of the sky.
Deign thee, oh nymph !—oh deign thee to draw
near—

The poet bending, thus invokes thee now
With pure libations to thy virgin brow.

She rose, the genius of the unsung stream,
She rose in beauty like a flashing gleam
Of sudden sunlight, o'er her glassy tide ;
Fair as the four young nymphs that, hand in hand,
Gave their elastic footsteps to the sand,
From Tagus' golden depths,* so did she glide
To earth—so wring the moisture from her hair,
Which so o'ershadowed her white bosom bare.

The spot on which her pearly sandals stay'd,
Was that green islet, that might well be made
Shrine for her footsteps : but I may not tell
Of half the loveliness that lent its aid
To that enchanting wilderness of shade,

* Eclogue III. of Garcilasso de la Vega

Of parted rock o'erhanging a sweet dell :
Meet home for elfin sprites that nightly sing,
And woo the stars to their enchanted ring.

Swift to this place, the margin's pride she passed,
O'er it a look of joyousness she cast.
Sunlight and song were floating on the air.
The hamadryads' mirth, with warblings blent
Of joyous birds, and fainter thrill yet sent
By myriad tribes of insects whirling there
In the fantastic and unending round,
The bees' glad hum and crickets' shriller sound.

The river wantoned o'er the pebbles white,
And seemed to linger with a fond delight
By this loved scene, the fairest e'en of all
That decked its banks—and hailed the jocund flow
Of its mellifluous waters, as they go
Meandering in their course. But hark ! There fall
Sounds of enchanting music on the breeze.
A spirit's voice is quivering through the trees.

“Minstrel of a far glorious clime,” it said,
“What hath thy wandering footstep hither led,
To string the lyre these silent haunts among,
Waking the elfin sprites that here reside,

And calling on the genius of the tide
To hearken to the floatings of thy song,
Borne to our crystal palace, whence we come
Only when daylight ceases, and the hum

“Of earthliness is still’d for many an hour.
When dewes descend to steep the purple flower,
And the more purple arch of heaven is hung
With clustering stars, the coronal of night :
Then, then we come to joy in that pure light,
To lave the moonbeams o’er the waters flung,
Dear to the spirits of the flood and fell,
Dear to the genii of the woodland dell.

“But thou hast dared to call me to the day,
To list the warblings of thine earthly lay,
Presumptuous bard ; or is it to demand
Some favor from us, which thou fear’st to speak,
And only o’er thy harp-chords dar’st to break,
The vain request that trembles on thy hand,
In strains that by the aid of echo go,
From rocks above to coral caves below ?

“But know, vain bard, the longings of thy breast,
Stand to our immortality confessed.
Thou sigh’st to know too much for one of earth :
But as the music on the zephyrs flung,

As the full cadence on thy lips that hung,
Dies in the self-same span that saw its birth.
As thy high hopes have ended in despair,
Be too thy rashness tossed to empty air.

“ We pardon thee, for the aerial train,
Have ever lov'd the poet's thrilling strain ;
Whether it swells the breezes from afar,
Whether 'tis blended with the moon-tide bright,
In full accord of harmony and light,
Or sighed to Hesperus the vesper star :
Whether 'tis given to rock, or vale, or shore,
Or sweetly vibrates our glad waters o'er.

“ But see the mountains, diademed with rays
Of the departing sun's transcendant blaze,
Through all the west diffused. One halo there
Of orient lustre shrines his farewell beams,
And o'er the pensive earth reflected gleams.
Image of love that fain would linger where
His presence has been owned with warm delight,
And forcefully withdraws his parting sight,

“ And all himself transfuses in that look
As bright as gentle. Mortal eye may brook
The radiance that before it could not scan.
There too pale Dian timidly draws nigh,

Lost in the richer glory of the sky.
Hail thee, fair crescent, hail ! No evil ban
From wicked fiend, or sprite, can mar the glow,
That soon thy beauty all around shall throw.

“Hail thee, fair orb ! all hail ! advance to lend
Thy more ethereal light. All spirits bend
In holiest worship to thee. Forth from glen
And the sequestered wood, from cave and bower,
Impatiently they wait the genial hour
Of thy mild sovereignty. Advance thee then !
Speed, speed the hours till midnight is begun,
And till each star its central course has run.

“Poet, we bear thee with us till the time,
Spirits can know without the aid of chime
From village church, or proud cathedral spire :
Such as in thy land equal Babel’s dome,
In vain design to reach the Almighty’s home,
Where mortals with religion may aspire,
And godliness o go.” She ceas’d and gave
The signal, that was heard below the wave.

And now a chariot stood upon the edge
Of the bright river’s willow fringed sedge.
’Twas formed of pearl and opal, whose clear dyes

Are brilliant as the rainbow's. Sapphire too
And silver lent their aid. Shells of each hue
Were curiously inlaid, and met the eyes
As things unearthly there. Such was that car
That shot its rich effulgency afar.

'Twas lined with down, soft as the swan's white
breast,
And far more glorious tinted than the crest
Of any bird that skims the earth or main.
Once a white plant that 'neath the waters grew,
Which the young nymphs that dwelt there, gath-
ering knew
To weave into their vestments, and to stain
With tints pellucid, which they snatch from
air
Or from the tide, when sunbeams wanton there.

Four flying dolphins to the car were reined,
Whose eagerness could scarcely be restrained,
So much they longed again to cleave the flood,
And lave their golden scales, if but in spray
Made by the chariot o'er the moonlit way.
They wait the spirit's entrance, as they would
With that aerial burden lighter go.
Spurning the azure depths that lie below.

The poet and the spirit press'd the car,
Which soon the sportive dolphins whirl'd afar ;
Those dolphins bred in the Ionian sea,
And thence were sent an offering to the maid,
Who the bright current of the Hudson sway'd.
'The silvery rein obeying, on they flee—
They track the beauteous river's winding course,
That not an eddy stirr'd, e'en from its source.

Still as a sheet of azure sheen it lay,
Reflecting but the moon's translucent ray
That broke through amber clouds, that veil'd her
brow,
Or only sought to veil, 'since brighter shone
Her presence canopied as by a throne :
While the resplendent orbs prepare to throw
Their planetary lustre on the view,
Bursting interminable ether through.

Rapidly on the gleaming chariot went,
A flash of inessential splendor sent
Athwart the tide, and blended with the light
The kindling stars flung forth, and yellow moon.
What to a poet could be such a boon,
As thus to ride the waters as a sprite ;

With such a sky above and earth below,
Thus o'er the glittering waters, thus to go ?

To see the beauty of that starry eve,
To list the melody the spirits weave
At that still hour : to watch the varying scene ;
Here towering rock frowning in grand array,
Whence springs the eagle forth to welcome day ;
There valleys slanting to the margin green,
With vistas form'd by the cleft rock's tall peaks,
Through which a flood of moonlight splendor
breaks.

Now the thick forests touch'd with autumn hues,
And the wild flowers trembling with diamond
dews,

On the fair islets, which their car went by
In magic speed, along the tide that delv'd
Between its lofty banks, that then were shelv'd
To admit of all the glory of the sky ;
The distant mountains rearing their proud brows
O'er all the view, that tremulously glows.

Glow in the silvery light, that not alone
On the wide ripples of the river shone,

But on morass, and wood, and valley lay.
Oh on the poet's heart a rapture broke,
That every inmost slumbering chord awoke.
It seem'd as though his soul imbibed a ray
Of that ethereal light, that all around
The gentle earth, with shining cycles bound.

Or did the aerial spirit by his side,
That gave him thus immortally to glide
Over her moist dominions, on him pour
More than the spell unearthly things to view,
But the glad gush of spiritual feelings too ;
For then the poet deem'd that one such hour
Of brief enchanted happiness, were worth
A thousand years of feelings but of earth.

The spirit now lent him her aid to see
Things that, to us, must lie in mystery ;
Visions unborn of time, which future years
Shall make reality, and men shall know
Stripp'd of the strangeness, that events wil'
 throw

Into accordance. What, shall blood and tears
Deface these smiling sites ; or shall men learn
The beacon-torch of virtue to discern ?

But that alone to guide them o'er the steep
And shelving rocks, hid by the ocean deep
Of life; away—the theme we may not tell.
Suffice it that the poet's heart was glad,
And could it be, if what he heard were sad?
And now they touch'd the land, and reach'd a
dell—

A wild, enchanted spot, where fairies stood,
Watching their coming from the illumin'd flood.

The sprites and fays their sportive glee began;
From heart to heart the genial transport ran,
Unmix'd with fear, or pain, or doubt, or dread
That mar our earthly revelry. The song
From fairy harps floated the air along,
And on the breezes melting music shed;
While odors that no censers seem'd to hold,
A stream of luscious fragrance upward roll'd.

And dance went round, a graceful flying maze
From tiny feet, that changing glancing rays
Gave out around; for o'er their persons shone
A light, that from the kindling stars is caught,
When with their lustre most the skies is fraught,
But all their brightest wassailage—oh, none

That ever has beheld it, may reveal ;
Or gone for ever is his earthly weal,

Waking the fairies' ire. "Hark ! hark, away !
Each to his mission—now no longer stay.
Go cleave the air, or skim the liquid main,
Where its proud billows dash with frantic roar,
Or break in idle bubbles on the shore,
Go do your errands on. Then here again
To taste the luscious feast, and sip the bowl,
And stay the winged moments ere they roll."

So spake the fairy queen, and stretched her wand
The magic sceptre sparkling in her hand.
They wait no new command to disappear.
And where that elfin band so lately stood,
Falls but the shadow of the distant wood.
No sound but of the river murmurs near,
Where late ethereal melody was heard,
And every leaf unearthly chorus stirred.

CHARADES.

I.

My first slew Pharaoh and his host,—
My next has many a fortune lost,—
My whole—more fatal still than either—
It smashed Napoleon altogether !

II.

I am not deceiving, believe me, my dear,
'That all are my first, who to thee are not near ;
My next may be anything—choose what you like,
And say what you please—it will suit it alike.
My whole of this trifling charade is the price,
You will not give more, if you take my advice.

SPHINX

THE ENGLISH FLOWER.

Not the proud rose of England's glorious crown—
Not France's flower-de-luce of stainless sheen—
Not Scotland's boastful emblem of renown—
Not Erin's hallowed shamrock green—

Not, as the laurel prodigal of power,
To deck the blood-stained victor's triumph high,—
Not as the proud Narcissus, hapless flower,
Of self-enamored vanity to die,—

No cultured plant of rare exotic birth,
With flaunting hues unconscious of perfume,—
Meek offspring of thy parent earth,—
Art thou, sweet bud of native bloom,—

Pure as the lily of some rural glade,
That bursts unnoted from the velvet sod,
Yet sends, from tufted leaves its head that shade,
A tribute of rare odors up to God.

Oh ! born to cheer, to comfort, and to bless,
To lend to happiness a deeper charm,
To banish sorrow with thy pure caress,
Holy, and sweet, and innocent, and warm—

May nought of lasting grief thy smiles efface,
Blight thy rich cheek, or dim thy laughing eyes.
Long mayest thou witch the world with that fair
face,
Then bloom for ever in the eternal skies.

ZETA.

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

WORDSWORTH

I.

A YOUNG and gentle mother,
 She bows above her boy,
 And a tear is in her downcast eye,
 But 'tis the tear of joy—
 Of one whose few fair summers
 On golden wings have sped,
 Like childhood's dreams of Paradise,
 Above her sainted head.
 Loved, ere her life's flush morning
 Had kindled into day,
 And worshipped, as she wooed the flowers
 That bloomed around her way,

By one whose warm affections
On her wondrous beauty hung,
And their first taintless tribute gave
To the shrine to which they clung!

II.

A young and gentle mother—
Still beautiful, but pale
With sleepless but unwearied watch,
Alike through joy and wail.
A mother!—yet believing
Life's duties scarce begun—
Whose childhood seemed of yesterday
In its unclouded sun ;
So early had the story
Of idol Love been told—
So early had her virgin heart
Been gathered to its fold!

III.

And he who won her—where is he,
In this her day of pride,
When every hope she claimed before,
By this grew dim and died!

So priceless was the treasure
Her throbbing bosom bore,
So centered was her spirit now
On one she could adore!
Where is he!—Ah! her vision
Is of shadowy ships and seas—
And *for* him the unuttered prayer
Is poured on bended knees.
Each day in thought she follows
His stormy ocean track,
And every dreamy midnight still
Her pillow brings him back.
For he—for distant regions
Torn early from her side,—
Had parted, with his heart in tears,
From that outsobbing bride.

IV.

Long time afar he lingered,
And oft the message came
Of fadeless love—and of cruel fate
The tale was still the same.
Years fled—and still he wandered—
In one long dream of home,
And prattling voices round its hearth—
An exile, doomed to roam.

V.

At length her leaping spirit
Its promised bliss had found,
And she heard its pulses quick and loud
Beat to the welcome sound.
He on the bounding waters
Had cast himself once more,
To greet that home, and hearth, and bride,
That rose above their roar
Like lights amid a tempest—
Bright beacons of the land,
Where all we love shall hail us soon,
A joy-inspiring band !

VI.

'Twas then I saw that mother,
And babe with silken hair,
And all a mother's pride and hope,
Just dashed with fear, was there.
Her head upon his temple
Was stooped in pensive rest,
Mingling its light, uncumbered locks
With those that veiled her breast ;
Her eye, just dropped in shadow,
Looked melancholy down,

And the tear that glittered from its depths
Was not of grief alone—
But the still look of thankfulness
That o'er her features fell,
Lent even to the tears a beam
That told you all was well!
One arm around her idol
Protectingly was flung,
The other, as of one in dreams,
Beside her aimless hung.—

* * *

VII.

O Innocence and Beauty!—
And Youth, with all its flowers,
When they *together* round us come.
What a heritage is ours!
Who ever dreams a sepulchre
O'er such can darkly close,
Or the heart's sun e'er set in clouds,
That robed in lustre rose!

* * *

VIII.

Alas! that gentle mother—
I saw her not again,

Till, in my village wanderings,
I joined the burial train.
They told me, as we silent wheeled
Among the verdant graves,
That *he*, her first—last hope on earth,
Was snatched into the waves!—
And, ever after, that her cheek,
Like her infant's eye, grew dim,
And her waning life was but a prayer,
Or quiet, lonely hymn.—
And thus her passing spirit
Beheld her infant's go,
'Till all that lit her pilgrimage
Was shattered at a blow.
Then, pointing to the tomb, her feet
Began their faltering way
Through earth's last farewell faded bloom,
To Immortality!

THE ISLE OF REST.

Some of the islands where the fancied paradise of the Indians was situated, were believed to be in Lake Superior

I.

THAT blessed isle lies far away—

'Tis many a weary league from land,

Where billows in their golden play

Dash on its sparkling sand.

No tempest's wrath or stormy waters' roar

Disturb the echoes of that peaceful shore.

II.

There the light breezes lie at rest,

Soft pillowed on the glassy deep ;

Pale cliffs look on the waters' breast,

And watch their silent deep.

There the wild swan with plumed and glossy wing,

Sits lone and still beside the bubbling spring.

III.

And far within, in murmurs heard,
Comes, with the wind's low whispers there
The music of the mounting bird,
Skimming the clear bright air.
The sportive brook, with free and silvery tide,
Comes wildly dancing from the green hill-side.

IV.

The sun there sheds his noontide beam
On oak-crowned hill and leafy bowers ;
And gaily by the shaded stream
Spring forth the forest flowers.
The fountain flings aloft its showery spray,
With rainbows deck'd, that mock the hues of day

V.

And when the dewy morning breaks,
A thousand tones of rapture swell ;
A thrill of life and motion wakes
Through hill, and plain, and dell.
The wild bird trills his song—and from the wood
The red deer bounds to drink beside the flood.

VI.

There, when the sun sets on the sea,
And gilds the forest's waving crown,
Strains of immortal harmony
To those sweet shades come down.
Bright and mysterious forms that green shore
throng,
And pour in evening's ear their charmed song.

VII.

E'en on this cold and cheerless shore,
While all is dark and quiet near,
The huntsman, when his toils are o'er,
That melody may hear.
And see, faint gleaming o'er the waters' foam,
The glories of that isle, his future home.

THE ITALIAN LOVER.

STEEPED in a mild unclouded moonlight, the storied domes, arches and pinnacles of Venice, once mistress of the Adriatic, and still the most interesting of Italian cities, lay sleeping in surpassing loveliness. Venice, like Melrose, is best viewed when lit up by the pale lunar beam which permits the dark shadows of its palaces to hide the decay of their crumbling foundations—which softens its few faults of architecture, and blends each airy and ethereal turret with the dusk of the deep sky itself. The soft illumination, mellowing and mingling their wave-worn halls and arches, awakes the luxurious inhabitants to life and animation. Dark gondolas, filled with masks and music begin to glide along the shadowy canals, marking the course they take by the undulating reflection of their lamps in the water. Here and there, from the windows of some haughty palace, whence a flood of radiance is poured upon the night, contrasting with the moonbeams as it falls

upon the stream without, may be heard the resounding din of instrumental music, timing the steps of dancers in the halls within.

Where the shadow fell darkest from a mighty pile, shrouding all below, a noble maiden bent from a balcony, and listened to a lover's serenade. She stood, screened from the light, and motionless, rapt in mute attention, while the cavalier beneath her struck his guitar with matchless skill, and sang a canzonet that breathed the very soul of passion. At length the music died meltingly away, and the lady was about to retire from the balcony.

"Hist, Contessa!" whispered the singer of the gondola; "you will not leave me so suddenly?"

"I cannot converse with a stranger, though he be masked," answered the lady, "for it is not carnival time."

"You jest, beautiful Antonia," replied the cavalier. "You would not have listened to my serenade had you not recognized my voice."

"You are right, Count," said the lady, with a light laugh. "I know you. But be brief; for my uncle is within, and I dare not delay. Why are you here?"

"*Why, Antonia? Do you ask me? I am*

going to quit Venice to-night: it is like quitting hope, for I know not when I shall see you again."

"Then you will not be at Rome at the carnival? I am going thither with my uncle," said the lady.

"If I dared," muttered the cavalier with hesitation. "But it shall be so, Antonia—I will brave every thing. At Rome, then, we will meet again—at the carnival."

"Fail not!" said the Venetian lady.

"I will meet you again if I live," replied the cavalier passionately. "And if I die, why, my spirit shall be with you."

Here a slight sound was heard from the apartment behind the balcony. The lady wished her lover a hasty good-night, and vanished. The serenader gave an order to his attendant in a low voice, and as the light barque shot from the gloomy shadow of the palace into a bright streak of moonlight, a voice from the stern commenced the favorite "*buona notte*" of the Venetian gondoliers. The youth and maiden were the Count Carriale and the beautiful Contessa Antonia Gazzella. We shall rejoin them at the carnival.

The lady Antonia appeared at Rome before

the commencement of the carnival, and, as she was rich and a celebrated beauty, her arrival at the eternal city was soon known and talked about. Even the English at Rome were infected by the general enthusiasm, and forgot their national taciturnity when they saw the Gazella in her open carriage on the Corso. She was the theme of general admiration. Artists and officers, counts and cardinals, Britons and Americans, sounded the praises of the fair Contessa, and not a few of the impoverished nobility, fortune-hunters by profession, ranked themselves in the train of the lovely Antonia.

But cold was the maid, and though legions advanced,
All drilled by Ovidean art,
Though they languished and ogled, protested and danced,
Like shadows they came, and like shadows they glanced
From the cold polished ice of her heart.

In fact the beautiful Contessa turned a deaf ear to every compliment; and if she listened for a moment to the Baron Von Konigsmarke, a lieu-

tenant colonel of Austrian hussars, it was because the haughty noble professed to be actuated by a pure friendship ; and, moreover, being a man of repulsive manners and a dead shot, served to keep more troublesome admirers at a distance. But even the Baron Von Konigsmarke, handsome, talented, mustachioed, and blazing with orders, was forced to give way, at the opening of the carnival, to a nameless mask, who attached himself inseparably to the lovely lady.

In no other Italian city does the carnival effect so great a revolution as it does in Rome. From whatever causes it arises—whether from the effect of dissipation, the force of superstition, or the daily contemplation of vast and venerable ruins—the dwellers in the Holy City are grave to a proverb, except during the brief saturnalia licensed by the Romish Church. Then, indeed, they rush to the opposite extreme of the wildest gaiety and the utmost extravagance. The carnival presents the singular spectacle of a whole city systematically mad. It is a *festa* for the noble, a “beggar’s opera” for the mendicants—and it is hard to say which of the two classes enjoy it most. Fiddling, fluting, dancing, drinking, driving, racing, intrigue, and pelting with comfits,

are a few of the most innocent and intellectual enjoyments of the reign of misrule.

The commencement of the saturnalia brought an unfeigned pleasure to the gay Antonia, not only because she entered heartily into the fun of the practical jests, but because she knew that there beat beside her in her carriage that to which no passionate Italian is indifferent—a youthful and noble heart, warm, happy, and devoted to herself. It is needless to say that the companion of her festive hours was the Count Carriale. The gaieties opened with brighter auspices than ever; for not one wretched criminal had been led to the block, to pour out his life for the edification of the assembled gazers, according to the tender edict of the sovereign pontiff, who wished, by the wholesome terror of an execution, to withhold the multitude from the perpetration of those crimes to which the license of a carnival might lead them. His holiness, we are credibly informed, was much chagrined to think that no felon was in prison whom, by a little extension of pontifical justice, he could send in safety to the guillotine. Unfortunately for his wishes, the pleasures began without the zest of a single death by the axe;

they did not close, however, without a serious accident.

As the Count Carriale was whispering some tender words in the ear of his beautiful mistress, the horses attached to their carriage took fright, and they ran at full speed through the crowded streets, putting to flight the gay masqueraders and their motley equipages wherever they appeared. At length, in turning a sharp corner, the vehicle was upset, and the lady and the Count thrown with considerable violence to the pavement. The former, fortunately, was unhurt; but a captain of the papal horseguards, who had dismounted to render his assistance, perceived with dismay that a stream of blood flowed from the head of the wounded Count. The compassionate old soldier endeavored to remove the mask of the sufferer; but the Count seemed singularly unwilling to expose his face. The mask was at length drawn off by force; and then it was that the dragoon, with a cry of surprise and indignation, recognized in the pretended Count Carriale, the lover of Antonia at Venice and at Rome, the features of Maffeo Accaioli, a formidable brigand whom he had recently encountered on the mountains. The

annunciation was no sooner made than the beautiful Contessa fainted.

How pleased were all the Romans when it was announced that his holiness the Pope had, by a special exercise of his power, ordained that the condemned brigand, the formidable Accaioli, should be guillotined during the carnival. How kind of him ! The ladies were in ecstasies. Even the Countess Gazella was far from lamenting this ungenerous precipitation, for a woman once duped never forgives her deceiver ; and as she had already commenced an intimacy with the Baron Von Konigsmarke, she adopted the opinion of the old song :—

“ ’Tis well to be off with the old love
Before you are on with the new.”

A vast crowd assembled to witness the dying agonies of the brigand. He was escorted to the scaffold by the papal dragoons, and a long file of penitents in their robes of sackcloth, bound at the waist with cords, their gloomy eyes peering through holes cut for the purpose in their cowls. These pious monks begged alms of all good

Catholics to aid their endeavors in getting the soul of the condemned through purgatory. The prisoner entered on the scaffold, attended by his confessor. He kissed the cross, he received the last consolations of religion, he looked firmly on the multitude, and lay down to die—the axe descended, and it was all over.

His eminence, the Cardinal Riario, sat in secret consultation with the confessor of the dying brigand. He held a miniature in his hand.

“Yes,” he cried, “these are the lovely features of Rosa Vanelli—Rosa, whom I deceived and abandoned to despair.”

“The Cardinal’s hat and the scarlet robe cover a multitude of sins,” replied the penitent, sneeringly.

“I could laugh at your bitterness,” said the Cardinal, “did I not hold in my hand this sad memorial. Tell me, from whom did you receive it?”

“From her son.”

“Her son!” cried the Cardinal, starting to his feet; “mine as well as hers! Would to God I could see his face! Speak, Gregory, where did you part with him?”

"On the scaffold!" said the penitent, fixing his savage eyes upon the Cardinal. "Maffeo Accaioli was your son and the child of her I loved. What say you? Are not Rosa and myself avenged?"

The Cardinal heard but the first part of the sentence, for ere it was concluded, he had fallen back in his huge chair, helpless and unconscious: still his fixed and rayless eyes, half starting from their sockets, glared on the penitent with an expression that would have appalled a feebler heart.

"The comedy is over," said the monk. "His eminence is dead."

THE FATE OF THE HORNET.

I.

THE summer sun is on the wave,
The zephyr seeks the sea,
And ripples, dancing round her, lave
The bulwark of the free.
How beautiful and brave a thing!
The rising swell she rides,
While sun and shade uniting fling
Their colors on her sides.

II.

Her decks, on which the sunbeams play,
Are girt by many a gun,
That guard our fame by night and day,
Where laurels green are won.
And ever may she lift on high
The banner of our glory,
Bearing in every azure sky
The stars that tell our story.

III.

And though the tempest clouds may lower
Above the angry deep,
And storms, with wild convulsive power,
Around that vessel sweep,
While there is yet one shattered sail
To flutter in the blast,
Oh may she bear through gloom and gale
That banner to the last.

IV.

But why discourse of things like these ?
No cloud its shadow flings,
And kindly blows the western breeze
To lend the sea-bird wings.
The lately-flapping sail it swells,
And sings along the tide,
As musical as village bells,
That hail a happy bride.

V.

The warlike ship yields gracefully
Before the welcome wind,

And, slowly fading in her lee,
The land is left behind.
One loud hurrah, that rent the air,
Broke from her iron men.
Alas ! that crew and vessel ne'er
Shall enter port again.

VI.

Not when the guns in fury sent
Their message to the foe—
When clouds were in the firmament,
And surges were below—
When rose the wild and loud hurrah
Of ocean's stormy strife—
Amidst the crash of plank and spar
The crew gave up their life:

VII.

But when the sky was calm and blue,
And far as eye could see,
No hostile ship or squadron threw
A shadow on the sea.
At such a tide and such an hour
Was heard a rushing sound,

And, lashed by a resistless power,
The waves grew white around.

VIII.

Ere pious lips could form a prayer,
Or feeble ones a cry,
The heaving sea had ceased to bear
That gallant ship on high.
Gone were the lovely and the brave,
Old ocean was alone,
And only gave to mark their grave
A bubble and a moan.

A VISION.

SHE hovers round my dreams !

Like the soft early beams,

When day-light through my lattice streams,
Thoughts of her beauty greet my waking hours ;
Like fragrance stolen by zephyr from the flowers,
Or odors from the spice-trees pressed by showers

Which fall in summer time

In that delicious clime,—

Told in melodious chime

By Eastern poets—where the bulbul sings
And flutters near the rose his charmed wings.—
On my delightful sense her memory steals,
And the deep fountain of my heart unseals !
And ofttimes, Fancy, gentle sprite, reveals
Her winning smile, her form of artless grace,
So like to life, so perfect and so fair,
That, with a magic pencil, I could trace

Her picture on the air !

Yes ! Fancy is the Ariel of my mind—

And I, like Prospero, in a lonely isle

Far distant from the world's dominions,

My solitary days and nights beguile
In sending out, swift as careering wind,
 My messenger with starry pinions—
 That he may speed and find
The shapes and hues of beauty which adorn
The land, the unreal land where he was born !
Oh then, what strange enchantment I behold !
A Fairy palace, built of pearls and gold
Upon a slope of emerald. Myriads swarm
About the portal—myriad creatures bright
 As the intensest light
Of phosphor flame—small as the motes that rise,
 When the sun's beam comes warm
From its far throne in the uncurtained skies.
Among the elves and fairies moves their queen ;
 Tell me, dear Fancy, delicate Ariel—say,
Have I not oft a like expression seen,
 An eye, a brow, illumined by a ray
As pure and soft ? Oh, take the misty screen
 That hides the vision from my view away !
 Alas ! the whole has faded,
 And sober Truth has shaded
The radiance of shapes and hues ideal ;
 Yet, in *that* loveliest face,
 My wakened mind can trace
How perfect a resemblance to the real !

· I'LL THINK OF THEE, LOVE ! ”

I'LL think of thee, love, when the landscape is still,
And the soft mist is floating from valley and hill ;
When the mild, rosy beam of the morning I see,
I'll think of thee, dearest, and only of thee !

I'll think of thee, love, when the first sound of day
Scares the bright-pinioned bird from its covert
away ;
For the world's busy voice has no music for me—
I'll think of thee, dearest, and only of thee !

I'll think of thee, love, when the dark shadows
sleep
On the billows that roll o'er the emerald deep :
Like the swift-speeding gales, every thought then
will be—
I'll think of thee, dearest, and only of thee !

I'll think of thee, dearest, while thou art afar,
And I'll liken thy smile to the night's fairest star :
As the ocean-shell breathes of its home in the
 sea—

So in absence my spirit will murmur of thee !

P. B.

Boston, July, 1836.

COTTAGE LIFE.

Oh! happy cottage life,
Far from foul gain, and rude ambitious strife!
And oh thrice happy ye,
Who innocent and free
Dwell in your village homes with plenty rife!

Happy to watch the morn
'Mid rosy clouds in the rich orient born!
Happy to fill the pail,
In some sequestered vale,
Or spin the fleece, or shell the golden corn!

Happy your friend to rear,
Some snowy lamb, or weanling heifer dear—
For they will ne'er forget,
When once their love is set,
But will your footsteps follow, far and near.

Happy to live at ease
'Mid rural blessings, and domestic peace—
Thrice happy, when ye die,
Beside your sires to lie
In the old churchyard, 'neath the ancestral trees.

THE GUARDIAN WATCHER.

My little girl sleeps on my arm all night,
And seldom stirs, save when, with playful wile,
I bid her turn and put her lip to mine—
Which, in her sleep, she does ; and, sometimes,
 then,
Half muttered through her slumbers, she affirms,
Her love for me is boundless ; and I take
The little imp, and, closer in my arms,
Assure her by my action—for my lips
Yield me no utterance then—that, in my heart,
She is the treasured jewel. Tenderly,
Hour after hour, with no desire of sleep,
I watch about that large amount of hope,
Until the stars wane, and the yellow moon
Walks forth into the night.

S.

INTERROGATORIES.

THE stars, dear Fanny, were out last night,
 And the moon was bright on high,
 And the silent earth, by the clear cold light,
 Looked up to the dark blue sky,—
 But the fairest spot on her face so white
 Was the grove with the brook hard by ;
 Can you tell, dear Fanny, what might it be,
 That the stars looked down on so pleasantly ?

There stood two forms by that moonlit grove.
 In the night-air damp and cold,
 And one was lovely and meet for love,
 And one was of manly mould ;
 To the winking stars, in their arch above,
 Was a gentle secret told.
 Can you say, sweet Fanny, what might it be
 Was whispered last night so tenderly ?

A sound—yet not of a spoken word,
 But softer and sweeter in tone,—

Like the quick low note of a startled bird

That sleeps on its nest alone,—

Once and again that sound was heard,

As of lips together grown.

Can you guess, dear Fanny, what might it be—

The sound that faltered so tenderly ?

I turned away with a sad, chilled heart,

From that happiest spot below,—

For I felt that I was a thing apart,

There was none to love me so ;

And the *one* for whom my soul founts start

Is froward and cold, you know.

Can you think, sweet Fanny, who may it be

That my thoughts *will* dwell on so heavily ?

I sometimes dream of a happier lot,

Of a heart that is all my own,—

Of a quiet hearth, and a vine-clad cot,

Where peace may dwell alone,—

Where sorrow and bitterness enter not,

Or vanish at love's soft tone ;

And all last night I was dreaming of you—

Do you know, dear Fanny, if dreams prove true ?

GNADENHUTTEN.

About the middle of the last century, the Moravians, so much distinguished by their exertions for the welfare of the most hapless portion of their species, established a missionary station at the northern base of the Blue Mountains, in what is now Northampton county, Pennsylvania, a few miles from the beautiful scenery of Mauch Chunk. This station they appropriately termed, "Gnadenhutten," or "The House of Grace."

The savage race which then inhabited those regions were divided in sentiment with respect to their benevolent visitors. Some regarded them with veneration ; while others, and they the more numerous portion, looked upon them with a malignant suspicion, which resulted in a midnight attack, when the establishment was destroyed by fire and the inhabitants, male and female, young and old, butchered !

'Twas eve, the balmy breath of flowers,
Came sweetly floating on the breeze ;
The recent rain-drops gemmed the bowers,
And glistened on the leafy trees.

And far into the eastern sky
The growling thunder-cloud had gone,
Upon whose breast of inky dye,
The radiant bow of promise shone.

The setting sun beamed broad and bright,
And far the lengthening shadows cast ;
On Gnadenhutten's tower-crown'd height,
He lingered long to look his last.

And never had his parting ray,
To light a lovelier scene been given ;
Since first he trod his radiant way,
Across the azure vault of heaven.

For not on hill, and vale, and stream,
And glittering leaf and sacred tower
Alone, was shed his evening beam—
It lit devotion's hallowed hour :

For there was heard the solemn bell,
That told the hour of rest and prayer ;
There sweetly rose the anthem's swell,
And holy words were spoken there.

And o'er the heaven-directing page,
The man of God enraptured hung ;
While wisdom's aphorisms sage,
Distilled like honey from his tongue.

And there the forest-warrior stood,
With bow unstrung and humbled pride ;
With longing soul for heavenly food,
The dark-brown matron pressed his side.

And tottering age, and vigorous youth,
And childhood with its steadfast gaze,
Heard wondrous words of heavenly truth ;
And knelt in prayer and joined in praise.

And O ! a holy look was given,
To him who bent that book above ;
His brow was bright with light from heaven ;
His soul with heaven's all brightening love.

Nor was it that he loved to roam,
He crossed the pathless ocean o'er ;
Nor yet to find a fairer home,
Left he his own loved native shore.

It was to point the forest sons,
Up to the radiant throne of God ;
And show those dark, benighted ones,
The way through Christ's atoning blood ;

That far into the desert wild,
From the refined abodes of men,
With his loved wife and only child,
He sought that distant forest glen.

That matron's brow was young and fair,
Half hid 'neath locks of golden sheen ;
And lovely as a thing of air,
Was little rosy Wilhelmine.

With wavy curls of flaxen hair ;
And forehead rising pure and high ;
And breast as mountain's snow-wreath fair ;
And eyes like stars in winter sky.

Buoyant, and beautiful, and bright,
A being made of smiles and bliss ;
With soul too full of heaven's own light,
To stay in such a world as this.

And soon was that immortal flower—
That bud of being, lent not given—
From blighting sin and sorrow's shower,
Transplanted safe to bloom in heaven.

'Twas night—the sky was cloudless blue,
And all around was hushed and still,
Save paddle of the light canoe,
And wailing of the whippoorwill.

The moon was like a silver thread,
Just sinking in the green wood's bosom ;
And swift from heaven the night-dew sped,
With pearly gifts for leaf and blossom.

And soft as balmy dews of night
Upon the beauteous blossom's breast,
Came slumber, and her finger light,
On every closing eyelid pressed.

'Twas night—dark night—no sound arose—
The weary eye forgot its weeping ;
And wrapt in bonds of bland repose,
The missionary band lay sleeping.

But hark ! upon the startled air,
Wild, unexpected whoops arise !—
And the red conflagration's glare,
Is brightening all the midnight skies !

Up! sleepers, up! awake and fly,
By the dread lamp your foes have lighted—
To the dark green-wood's bosom hie,
Your homes are gone, your hopes are blighted.

Up! sleepers, up! away, away!
A canopy of smoke is o'er you;
Around you fiery streamers play,
And the dark savage is before you!

Perchance some home-fraught dream of joy,
In slumber's silken links had bound them;
They wake! 'tis but to hear the cry
Of savage slaughter raging round them!

They wake! 'tis but to mark the arm
Of death above each brow impending;
Vain, vain, the shriek of wild alarm—
And vain the prayer for life ascending.

They died, as holy martyrs die—
Their latest thought to God was given;
Resigned their souls in agony,
To wake in ecstasy in heaven.

And perished all ? One mother fled,
Escaping both the brand and arrow ;
And to the midnight forest sped,
Weary and weak, in pain and sorrow !

Nor fled alone—in wild distress,
A little one she fondly pressed,
Sleeping in blessed unconsciousness,
Rocked by the throbbings of her breast.

For when the work of death was rife,
'Midst savage yell and dying prayer,
She fearless sought the thickest strife,
And found that little slumberer there.

Trembling beneath a shed she crept—
The babe still hushed upon her bosom—
Restrained each bursting throb, nor wept,
Fearing to wake that slumbering blossom,

And from her lowly hiding-place,
Heard every yell of savage slaughter !
And closer clasped in her embrace,
The babe she deemed her fair-haired daughter

At length the long night passed away—
The morning rose in all its glory—
But smouldering ruins met his ray,
And corpses cold, and pale, and gory.

A midnight stillness reigned around—
The savage foe had fled afar—
The Lehigh with its moaning sound,
Went wailing by the field of war.

Uprose that matron young and fair,
With trembling limb and beating heart—
Why bursts her wild shriek on the air?
And whence that horror-speaking start?

She gazed upon that infant's face
With frenzied look and wild despair;
Clasped to her breast, in fond embrace,
An Indian babe lay sleeping there!

Nor pined she long in hopeless grief,
With every bond of being riven;
Death smiling came, a sure relief,
And angels winged her soul to heaven.

